WEEK ENDING AUG. 16 1924

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

OFFICE COPY

In this Issue

THE MODERN GENERATION

By JULIA HOYT

"IN CONFERENCE"—*Some Business Comedy*—*By* RING LARDNER

AUGUST 16, 1924

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 1
NO. 15

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
New York: 25 Park Place. Barclay 3500
Chicago: Tribune Square. Central 0100

ADVERTISING OFFICES:
New York: 247 Park Ave. Vandervilt 2336
Chicago: Tribune Square. Central 0100

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

A STAKE IN THE COUNTRY

Every one should have a stake in the country in which he lives. Every one has a stake but all are not aware of it. If we are not aware of it, we are not likely to appreciate its meaning to us, much less to our country.

Yet it is obvious that if we are not conscious of having a stake, a substantial interest in our country, we are not going to have the sense of ownership, partnership, citizenship, which is the essential basis for a true love of country, for the pride and satisfaction derived from its history and character, and for an intelligent regard for its welfare.

Of course, any sane person, if he troubles to think about it, must realize that he has an interest in the safety and prosperity of the community in which he works and lives, in its laws and their administration, its health, comfort, and resources of enlightenment and enjoyment. But it is an intellectual effort to realize this which becomes much easier if we are owners of something material and substantial. There is nothing like ownership for awakening our sense of responsibility, and nothing makes a sounder foundation for our peace, prosperity and progress than the widespread distribution of property existing in our country.

The best form of possession is that of a home. It may be a narrow town lot with a bungalow on it. Its size is of no importance, unless, as is probably true, the simpler and more modest it is, the more valued it is. But when we own land and the roof that covers us and those we hold dearest, we have a stake in our country combining all the values that are highest and most lasting in life. We have a sense of the identity of our interests with those of our neighbors and our nation which not only conduces to our own happiness but to the welfare of all our people.

No one who lives in a rented home can match such a possession. No one whose stake in the country is expressed merely in the convenience of the street cars that take him to work, the price of his food and clothing, the size of his earnings, or the pleasures available to him, can have the sense of *belonging* that comes from ownership. It need not be a home, or shares in a prosperous business, or any luxurious or pretentious thing. It may only be a flivver. But that is a tangible thing, meaning much to its possessor, a stake in the country.

A stake in the country is the basis of sound Americanism. We favor especially the owning of homes and the ownership by employes of interests in the enterprise to which their labor of brain or hand contributes. For ownership not only brings material security and material profits, but the satisfying sense of belonging to something worth while.

IN THIS ISSUE

Cover Design by Walter Beach Humphrey

Page

In Conference. *A humorous article on a serious subject*.....By RING LARDNER 3
The Modern Generation. *A distinctly new analysis of modern life*.....By JULIA HOYT 5
Every Woman an Interior Decorator. *Exposing the universal impulse to improve someone else's home*.....By DOROTHY PARKER 7
Mad Anthony. *1. The Mouse—Beginning a delightful series about a real American boy*.....By CLIFFORD RAYMOND 9
Flips and the Chauffeur. *Eighth installment of Trub's inimitable diary*.....By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE 13
Worse Than Malaria. *A delightful love story*.....By ROYAL BROWN 14
Behold This Woman! *A motion-picture review*.....By FRANCES PECK 19
The Tin Can Trail. *Following the summer motorist in his flight*.....By WALTER DAVENPORT 22
The Calico Cat. *A thrilling mystery story*.....By BEN AMES WILLIAMS 25
A Sure Cure for Boasting. *An article that jabs almost all of us*.....By PAUL L. KINKEAD 30
How'd You Like to Be a Member of the Follies? *Some helpful hints for the beautiful—and adventurous!*.....By HARVEY DEUELL 32
Does Your Son Want to Go to College? *A thought-provoking article*.....By ANGELO PATRI 35
What Makes Women Wildest? *The mystery explained*.....By RICHARD ADAMS 37
My Friend, the Prince of Wales. *Third installment of this intimate close-up*.....By CAPT. JOHN HAMILTON POTTER 39
$1,000 for TONGUE TWISTERS! *Ten winners of $100 prizes*..... 41
What's Golf Doing to Baseball? *Why boys of today are switching their old-time allegiance*.....By INNIS BROWN 44
The State Department Loses a Skipper. *The remarkable life story of Alvey A. Adee*.....By WINIFRED MALLON 46
Taking the Color Out of the Navy. *Steam has killed the romance of sailing days!*.....By ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS TURNBULL 50
Smart Styles for Large and Small. *Patterns*.....By PATRICIA 53
The Chic Chapeau and the Scarf Join Hands. *A hint from Paris*.....By MAUDE MARTIN ELLIS 54
We Heed the School Girl in Her Early Teens. *Fashions*.....By CORINNE LOWE 55
The Roof Hoppers. *Concluding installment of this thrilling serial*.....By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER 57
A Labor Premier's Philosophy. *A close-up of Ramsay MacDonald*.....By JOHN STEELE 62

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Chills, Thrills, and Breathless Adventure

BEN HECHT

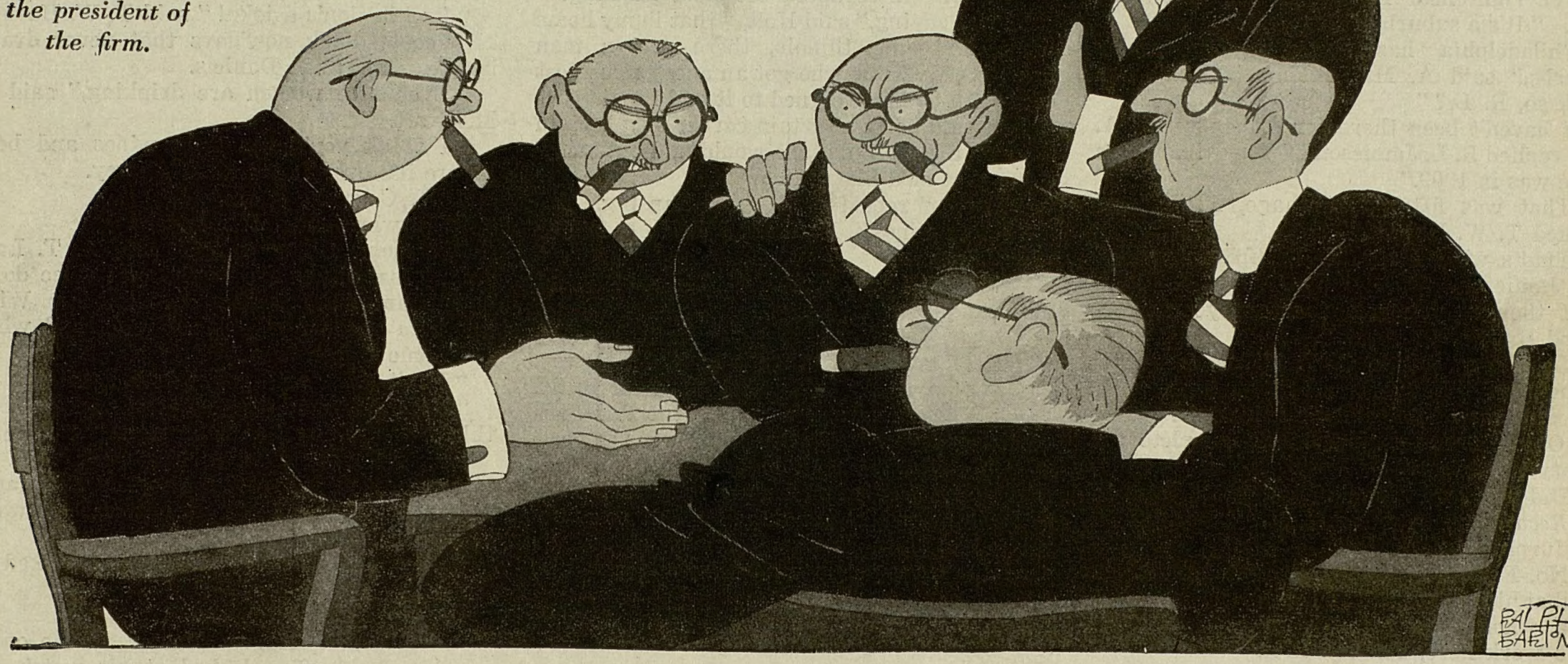
Once in a blue moon, as the saying is, some writer achieves a super-thriller—one that makes you afraid of night and the shadows, and keeps you on pins and needles until you've finished it. We've captured this year's knockout story—a thriller of thrillers, conceived when its author was present in the swirl and turmoil of a crashing Empire, watching the German republic rise from the ruins of the shattered Hohenzollern regime. This new serial narrates the death-struggle of schemers seeking to direct the hectic whirlwind of those fateful days. It is from the pen of the brilliant *Ben Hecht*, and he calls it *THE CODE OF DEATH*. It runs in three installments. Don't miss the start in our next issue!

Another and strikingly different vista of adventure is opened in the narrative of a veteran taxicab driver, who tells what he sees and hears during the wee sma' hours in a great city. It's called *THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE TOWN* and is by *Paul Deresco Augsburg*. These are only two of a score of brilliant features.

Special articles, short and long fiction stories are desired. Address Editor of Liberty, 25 Park Place, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and fully prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent us at owner's risk. Price 5 cents per copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year received. Four weeks must be allowed for change of address. Published weekly by The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, 431 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 25 Park Place, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President. John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1924, by The Coloroto Corporation in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

"IN CONFERENCE"

"Where is L. M.?" inquired the president of the firm.



Pictures by RALPH BARTON

By R. W. L.

(Sometimes Known as Ring W. Lardner!)

An Exceedingly Special Article About Modern Business, Revealing the Deep Stuff Sprung by Those Big and Forceful Personalities at Their Sacred Palavers Behind Closed Doors

HARVEY HESTER entered the outer office of Kramer & Company, Efficiency Engineers. He approached the girl at the desk.

"I want to see Mr. Lansing," he said.

"A. M. or A. T.?" inquired the girl.

"Mr. A. T. Lansing," Hester replied.

"What is your name?"

"Harvey Hester."

The girl pressed a button and wrote something on a slip of paper. A boy appeared. She gave him the paper.

"For Mr. A. T. Lansing," she said.

The boy went away. Presently a young lady in mannish attire came out.

"I am Mr. Lansing's secretary," she said. "Did you want to see him personally?"

"I did and do," said Hester.

"Well, just now he's in conference," said the secretary. "Perhaps you would like to wait."

"Listen. This is pretty important——"

"I'm sorry, but it's against the rules to disturb any of the officers in conference."

"How long will the conference last?"

"It's hard to say," replied the secretary. "They just got through one conference and they're beginning another. It may be ten minutes and it may be an hour."

"But listen——"

"I'm sorry, but there's nothing for you to do but call again, or else wait."

"I'll wait," snapped Hester, "but I won't wait long!"

The conferees were sitting around the big table in the conference room. At the head of the table was J. H. Carlisle, president of the firm.

"Where is L. M.?" he inquired crossly. "This is the fifth conference he's been late to this morning. And we've had only six."

"Well, J. H. C.," said R. L. Jamieson, a vice president, "I don't think we ought to wait for him. If we drag along this way we won't be able to get in a dozen conferences all day. And a dozen was the absolute minimum agreed on."

"That's all right, R. L.," said K. M. Dewey, another vice president, "but it happens that L. M. is the one that asked for this conference, and he's the only one that knows what it's about. So we'd——"

At this moment the door opened and the tardy one entered. He was L. M. Croft, one of the vice presidents.

"I'm sorry to be late," he apologized, addressing J. H. C.

"I was talking over the phone to J. P. The reason I asked for this conference," he continued, "was to get your thought on a proposition that came up about twenty minutes ago. There was a post card in the mail addressed to the firm. It was from the main post office. It says they are holding a letter for us which reached them unstamped. If we sign the card and send it to them, together with a two-cent stamp, they will forward us the letter. Otherwise they will send it to the Dead Letter Office. The question is, is the letter worth the time and expense of sending for it?"

"Who is the letter from, L. M.?" The inquirer was S. P. Daniels, one of the vice presidents.

"The card didn't say, S. P.," replied Croft.

"My suggestion, J. H. C. and gentlemen," said A. M. Lansing, a vice president, "is to write to whoever is in charge of that office, authorize him to open the letter, see who it's from and what it's about, and if he thinks it important, to let us know, and then we can mail the required stamp."

"It's a mighty ticklish business, gentlemen," ventured Vice President T. W. Havers. "I have a brother, G. K. Havers. He's a pharmaceutical dispenser at a drug store on upper Broadway. He received a card like this from a branch post office. He signed the card and sent the stamp, and the letter turned out to be nothing but advertising matter from a realtor."

"Why, T. W.," said A. T. Lansing, "you

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE]

never told any one of us you had a brother."

"O, yes, A. T.," replied Havers. "I've got two other brothers besides G. K. One of them, N. D., is a mortuary artisan and the other, V. F., is a garbage practitioner in Harrisburg."

"I'm one of a family of seven boys," put in Vice President B. B. Nordyke.

"I was born in Michigan," said H. J. Milton, the firm's secretary, "in a little bit of town called Watervliet."

"I'M a Yankee myself," said S. P. Daniels, "born and raised in Hingham, Massachusetts."

"How far is that from North Attleboro?" asked K. M. Dewey.

"It's right near Boston, K. M.," answered S. P. "It's a suburb of Boston."

"Philadelphia has some mighty pretty suburbs," said A. M. Lansing. "Don't you think so, R. L.?"

"I haven't been there for fifteen years, A. M.," replied R. L. Jamieson. "Last time I was there was in 1909."

"That was fifteen years ago, R. L.," remarked T. W. Havers.

"That's what I say, T. W., fifteen years," said Jamieson.

"I thought you said fourteen years," rejoined Havers.

"Let's see," put in C. T. Miller, treasurer of the firm. "Where was I fifteen years ago? O, yes, I was a bibliopolistic actuary in southern Ohio. I was selling Balzac complete for twenty-six dollars."

"Did you read Jimmie Montague's poem in the *Record* this morning, Z. H.?" inquired F. X. Murphy of Z. H. Holt.

"No, F. X.," replied Holt. "I don't go in for that highbrow stuff and anyways, when I get through my day's work here, I'm too tired to read."

"What do you do with yourself evenings, Z. H.?" asked A. T., the younger of the Lansings.

"O, maybe play the player piano or go to a movie or go to bed," said Holt.

"I bet there's none of you spends your evenings like I do," said young Lansing. "Right after dinner, the wife and I sit down in the living room and I tell her everything that I've done down here during the day."

"Don't she get bored?" asked S. P. Daniels.

"I should say not, S. P.!" replied young Lansing. "She loves it!"

"My sister Minnie—she married L. F. Wilcox, the tire people—she was over to the house last night," announced L. M. Croft. "She was reading us a poem by this Amy Leslie, the woman that got up this free verse. I couldn't make much out of it."

"GENTLEMEN," said J. H. C. at this juncture, "have you any more suggestions in regards to this unstamped letter? How about you, Z. H.?" he added, turning to Holt.

"Well, I'll tell you, J. H. C.," replied Holt, "a thing like this has got to be handled mighty careful. It may be all right, and it may be a hoax, and it may be out and out blackmail. I remember a somewhat similar case that occurred in my home town, Marengo, Illinois."

"Did you know the Lundgrens there?" asked L. M. Croft.

"Yes, indeed, L. M.," answered Holt. "I used to go into Chicago to see Carl pitch. He was quite a card player, too. But this case I speak of, why, it seems that S. W. Kline—he was a grass truncater around town—why, he received an anonymous post card with no name signed to it. It didn't even say who it was from. All it said was that if he would be at a certain corner at a certain hour on a certain day, he would find out something that he'd like to know."

"What?" interrupted the elder Lansing.

"I was saying," said Holt, "that in my home town, Marengo, Illinois, there was a man named S. W. Kline who got an anonymous post card with no name signed to it and it said that if he would be at a certain corner at a certain hour on a certain day, he would find out something that he'd like to know."

"What?" repeated the elder Lansing.

"Never mind, Z. H.," said J. H. C. "Tell us what happened."

"Nothing," said Holt. "Kline never went near the place."

"THAT reminds me," put in K. M. Dewey, "of a funny thing that came off in St. Louis. That's when I was with the P. D. advertising department. One afternoon the postman brought the mail to our house and my wife looked it over and found a letter addressed to some name like Jennings or Galt or something like that. It wasn't for us at all. So she laid for the postman next day and gave him back the letter. She said, 'Look here, here's a letter that don't belong to us at all. It's for somebody else.' I forget now just what the name was. Anyway, he took the letter and I guess he delivered it to the right people."

"I got some pretty good Scotch myself for fifty-six dollars a case," said S. P. Daniels. "It's old James Buchanan."

"Where did you get it, S. P.?" inquired Paul Sickles.

"I've got the phone number home," replied Daniels. "I'll bring it to you tomorrow, Paul."

SICKLES was the only man in the outfit who was not an officer, so they called him Paul instead of by his initials.

"Prohibition's a joke!" said T. W. Havers.

"People drink now'days that never drank before," said S. P. Daniels.

"Even nice women are drinking," said L. M. Croft.

"I think you'll see light wines and beer before it's over," said K. M. Dewey.

J. H. C. spoke again.

"But what about this letter?"

"It seems funny to me," said A. T. Lansing, "that the people in the post office don't open it and find out what it's all about. Why, my wife opens my personal mail, and when I'm home I open hers."

"Don't she care?" asked S. P. Daniels.

"No, S. P.," said the younger Lansing. "She thinks everything I do is all right."

"My wife got a letter last week with no stamp on it at all," said Sickles. "The stamp must have dropped off. All it was anyways was a circular about mah jongg sets."

"Do you play with flowers, Paul?" asked K. M. Dewey.

"Why——"

Harvey Hester, in the outer office, looked at his watch for the twentieth time; then got up and went to the girl at the desk.

"Please have Mr. Lansing's secretary come out here again," he said.

"A. M. or A. T.?" asked the girl.

"A. T.," said Hester.

The secretary came out.

"LISTEN," said Hester. "If I can't see Mr. Lansing right this minute it'll be too late."

"I'm sorry, but I can't interrupt him when he's in conference."

"All right," said Hester. "Will you please give him this message? You've got my name. Mr. Lansing and I were in school together and were more or less friendly. Well, I was tipped off this morning—I don't need to tell you how—I was tipped off that Mrs. Lansing is leaving for Chicago on the 12:05 train. And she isn't leaving alone. She's eloping. I thought Mr. Lansing might want to try to stop her."

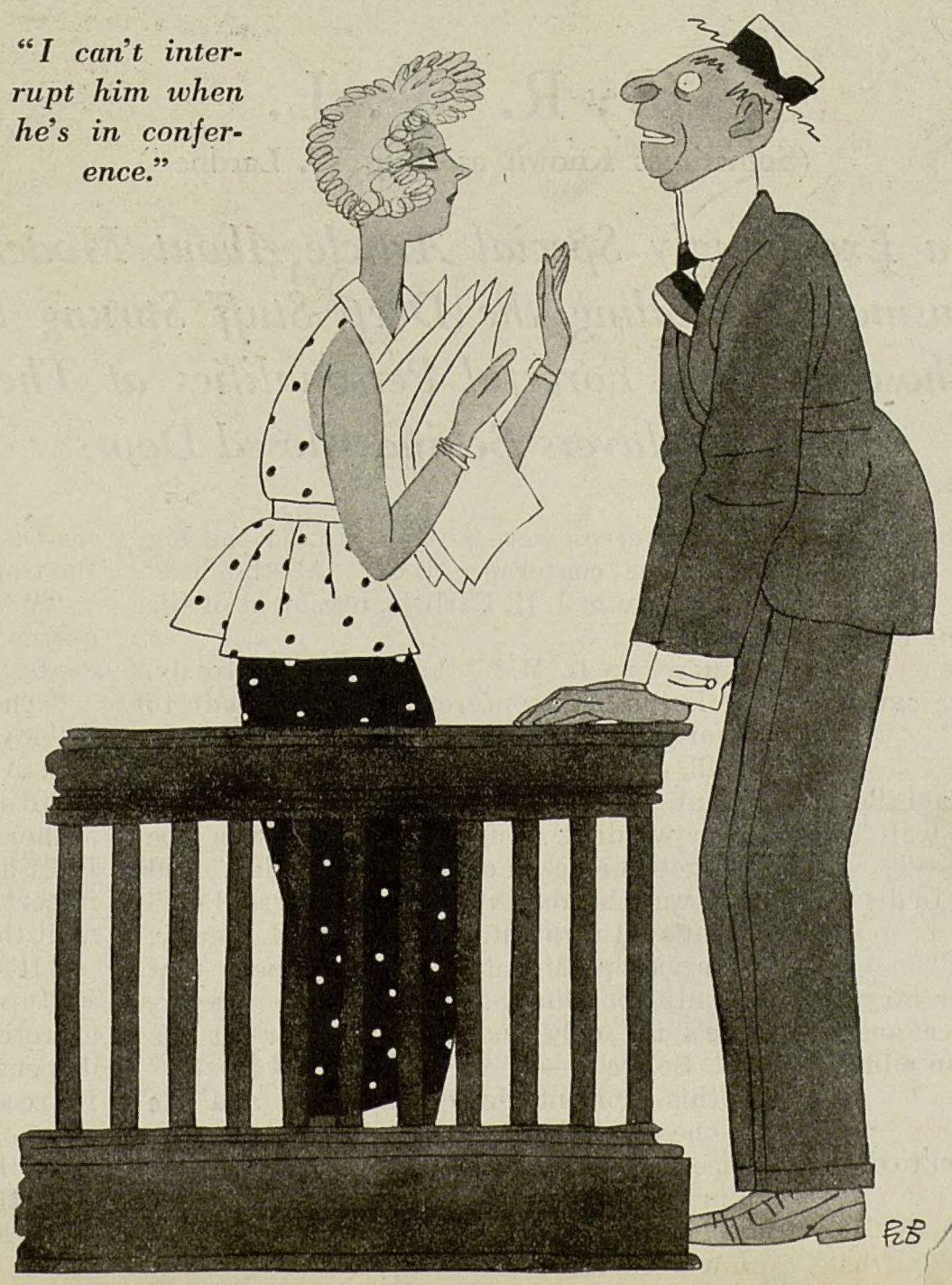
"What time is it now?"

"Seven minutes of twelve," said Hester. "He can just make it."

"But he's still in conference," said the secretary.

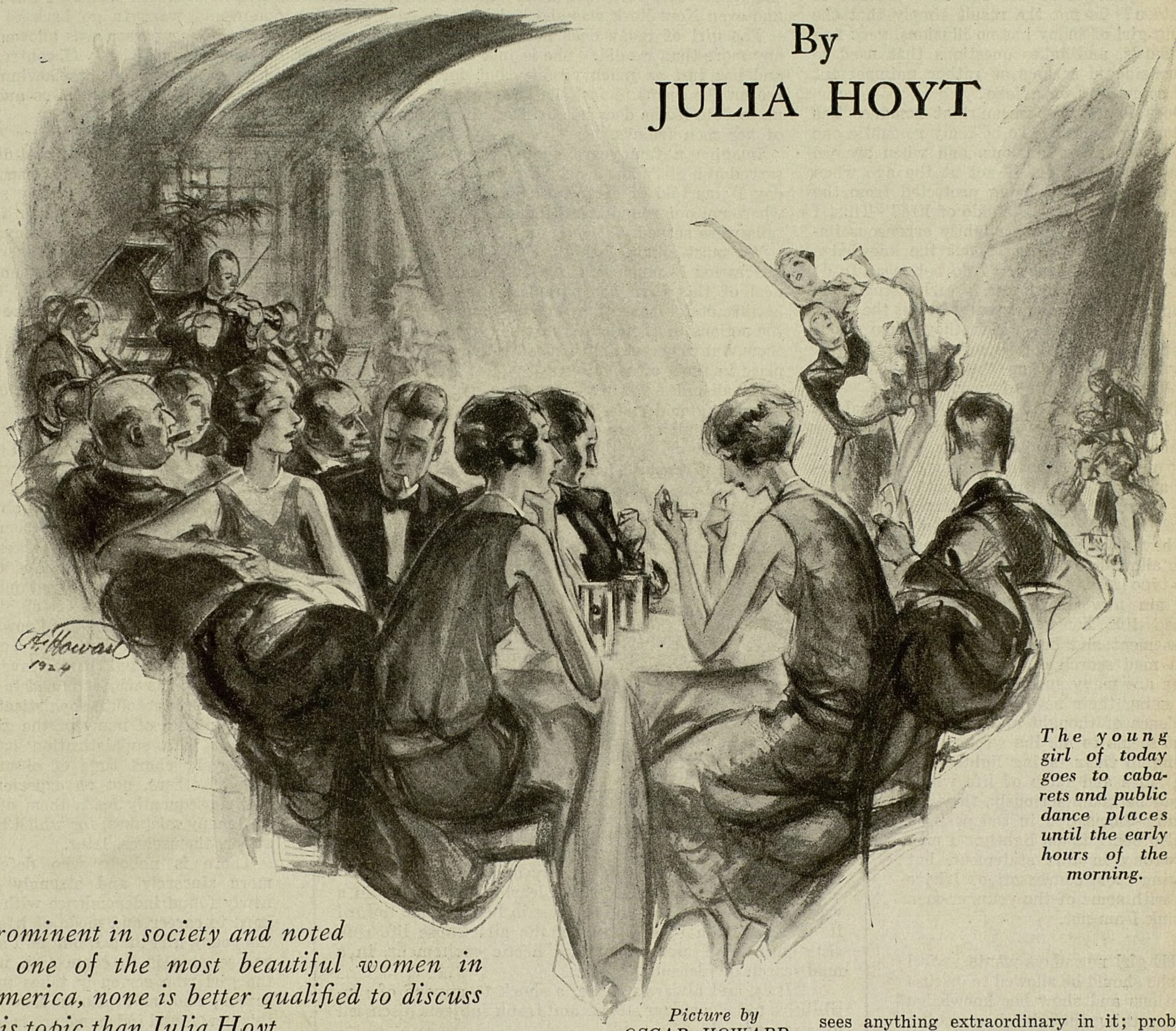
THE END

"I can't interrupt him when he's in conference."



The Modern Generation

By
JULIA HOYT



The young girl of today goes to cabarets and public dance places until the early hours of the morning.

Picture by OSCAR HOWARD

Prominent in society and noted as one of the most beautiful women in America, none is better qualified to discuss this topic than Julia Hoyt.

I SUPPOSE in all ages the older generation has discussed the morals of the younger with the same nodding of heads and pessimistic predictions of calamity. At any rate the present age seems to have a particularly violent epidemic of such discussion and one hesitates to add to the clamor, but it is an undoubtedly interesting question today and one on which, in my opinion, there is much to be said on both sides.

I think there is no doubt that the change of the standards and ideas of the younger people has been much greater in the last ten or fifteen years than in the years preceding. The increased independence of women, and the after effects of the war, have probably had a great deal to do with this change.

I am not one of the older generation, and yet even I am amazed at the change that has occurred since my début. One of the outstanding differences is in the permitted night life of the young girl. Can you imagine some years ago girls of eighteen, or even younger, going to cabarets and public dance places until the early hours of the morning, either chaperoned, or even many times unchaperoned?

I remember well the excitement I caused the year I came out by going one night to a certain restaurant in New York to see Maurice dance. I was properly chaperoned, sat quietly at my table, saw Maurice dance once, and left. It was then generally considered that I had done a very extraordinary thing, and I was most severely reprimanded by my mother.

Now, as I say, debs and even subdebs go frequently to these places and dance all night quite unreproached by anyone. No one now sees anything extraordinary in it; probably there isn't; it is all in the way one looks at it. But can one think or believe that this kind of life permits a girl to be young, really young, in the true sense of the word? It seems as though that type of girl, the real ingénue, does not exist any more, or at any rate they are extremely rare. There are still a few left, I know, but they do not lead the life of their more sophisticated sisters, and are considered by the average young person as very dull and boring company.

I REALLY do believe it is impossible for a girl to be truly youthful mentally and physically when, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, she mixes with every type of man and woman, sees men she knows under conditions and in society that some years ago she hardly knew existed.

She knows by name, and secretly admires, types of women that certainly at an early age

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

cannot be good examples. She today discusses quite frankly all social questions, and is thoroughly informed regarding all sorts of people and their behavior. This is quite necessary and important when she is old enough to be capable of making necessary distinctions, but is this possible at the age of seventeen or eighteen? Is not the result simply that the young girl of today has no illusions, very few standards, and takes questions that used to be considered serious as rather unimportant and something of a joke?

Does it not also mean that romance has pretty much died? To be truly romantic one must have some illusions, and when are we going to have them if not at the age when we are supposedly being protected from the sordid and disagreeable side of life? This, I am afraid, is giving a slightly erroneous impression of my feeling about the knowledge that girls should have. I do not mean to do so. I am a great believer in girls being made to understand life as it really is, but the point is that the way in which they learn about these questions will, in my opinion, have a very decided effect on their later lives and standards and points of view.

I think the girl of today is learning about life in a way that makes her lax and careless in her attitude toward it. I am not talking now of the girl who is earning her own living and making a life of interest and accomplishment for herself, which in years gone by she would not have been capable of doing, nor been allowed to do. I will speak of this type later.

I am now discussing the girl whose life consists entirely of amusement and hectic excitement, in a mad search of pleasure, and there are many such. These girls are using their newly found independence of thought and action in what seems to me the wrong way. Owing to their taking lightly certain sides and facts of life which should be taken seriously, they are placing themselves in the position of also being taken lightly. I may be wrong in this statement, but judging from conversations I have had with some of the younger men I think I am not.

THE girl nowadays wants to feel she should be allowed to discuss questions and show her knowledge of everything that she supposes the older woman may discuss. What she does not realize is that it is impossible for a girl of seventeen or eighteen to have gained the sense of values and proportion of an older woman. Also that it is, and always will be, a shock to anyone of sensibilities to hear vulgar stories and frank subjects discussed by a young girl. The former is, of course, rather shocking in anybody, but doubly so in a girl. She is unquestionably losing the respect of men and their desire to protect that charming and, at best, short lived quality, youth.

It probably is only a phase through which the young girl is passing, and out of it may come something very fine, but is she not now losing the charm of true youth and finding nothing to take its place? Is there not something unattractive in a very young girl drinking her cocktail or cocktails, or anything else that may be offered to her during the evening? People of other countries look upon it with amazement. I say drinks that may be served to her during the evening, but often they do not always depend on this. I heard only the other day of a party in New York at which all the boys, ranging from eighteen to twenty-four, arrived with flasks which were shared by the girls. The party ended very disastrously, and even New York was shocked by it.

The girl of today does not need stimulant any more than we did. She is just as healthy and has just as much vitality, but for some reason she seems to feel she is not smart and up-to-date if she does not drink with the best of her men friends.

Imagine a few years ago cocktails being served at a girl's luncheon. Yet only the other day I was told of a luncheon in Philadelphia where not one round but three rounds of cocktails were served.

We must admit, I think, that the younger generation is much less to blame for a great deal of this than are parents. Certainly it is difficult for parents to know of and control the actions of their children when away from them, but they certainly can control what takes place in their own houses.

On all sides we hear the older generation grumbling and criticizing the actions of the younger, but it does nothing to change them. What must be the thoughts in the head of a young girl who sees her own mother take more to drink than she should at a dinner? Yet I was at a dinner the other night where this very thing occurred!

HOW can children have any respect for or illusions about marriage when their parents divorce and remarry, perhaps even more than once, or when they show no respect for each other in front of their children? It is quite impossible. Let the older generation stop complaining about the younger and pay a little attention to the example it sets and the effort it makes to help the younger, and I think it will find that conditions will improve greatly.

There is the other side to the modern generation, which includes magnetism, vitality, and ambition. There are many girls today who are not content with sitting and doing nothing, but who are alive and intelligently interested in things worth while. I am sure that no one would want to go back to the years when the young person was allowed no freedom of thought or action. If controlled, nothing but good can come out of allowing the young people to think for themselves and to develop a life for themselves.

This should not make for selfishness or a lack of sense of responsibility toward their parents, though unfortunately with many as yet it seems to have this effect. They seem to expect the same care and devotion from their parents as the girls of yesterday received, but in return give nothing. There is nothing lovelier than to see true companionship between parents and children, but true love and companionship demand consideration and respect from both sides.

The young girl of today seems to feel that her parents should treat all her opinions and desires with great respect, but that she owes none to theirs.

This is where she is wrong! What is more, she is unintelligent not to realize she will gain something by at least listening intelligently to the advice and opinions of her parents. If we take up a job we naturally turn for instruction to someone who has had experience, and has knowledge of that job. About life, the biggest job in the world, the girl of eighteen seems to consider that she knows as much if not more than her parents.

It isn't true, and thank heaven it isn't! That is why it is sad to see some of the absolute sophistication and cynicism of many of the girls. But it is a sophistication based on a very short time of observation of others, not on experience, and consequently leads them often into many mistakes, for which they suffer, themselves, later.

There is nobody who defends more sincerely and strongly the newly found independence with regard to career and mode of life of the young girl than I, but, as I said before, this is in connection with the girl who seriously takes up a career; and, as I also said, as yet this new found independence is only being abused by many, many of the girls all over America.

It is up to the parents, as I also said, to control and direct into the right channels the minds of the young people, to give them from their youth an example and set of standards which will moderate the present laxness and lack of charm of much of the youth of today.

There is probably no material in the world finer than the material to be found in young Americans. They are good sports—by that I do not mean athletes, but in the sense of straightforwardness and squareness of outlook. They are healthy and full of energy, mentally and physically. They are a great force, but, as much as any electrical power, or mechanical force, they need a guiding and controlling hand to direct them into the right channels.

THE END

DANGER AHEAD!

THE change in the standards and ideas of the younger people has been much greater in the last ten or fifteen years than in the years preceding, Julia Hoyt declares.

"It seems," she says, "as though the real ingenue does not exist any more, or is extremely rare.

"I really do believe it is impossible for a girl to be truly youthful mentally and physically when, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, she mixes with every type of man and woman, sees men she knows under conditions and in society that some years ago she hardly knew existed.

"Is not the result simply that the young girl of today has no illusions, very few standards . . . Does it not also mean that Romance has pretty much died?

"I think the girl of today is learning about life in a way that makes her lax and careless in her attitude toward it . . . I am now discussing the girl whose life consists entirely of amusement and hectic excitement, in a mad search of pleasure.

"It is, and always will be, a shock to anyone of sensibilities to hear vulgar stories and frank subjects discussed by a young girl.

"We must admit, I think, that the younger generation is much less to blame for a great deal of this than are parents.

"Let the older generation stop complaining about the younger and pay a little attention to the example it sets."

Some Pointed Remarks on the Penchant of the Fair Sex for Viewing with Alarm the Furnishings in the Home of a Friend

"Now, that could be made simply darling."

Every WOMAN *An* INTERIOR DECORATOR

By DOROTHY PARKER

Picture by WALLACE MORGAN

MAYBE, somewhere in this frolicsome old world of ours, there is a woman who is not totally convinced that, if the family fortunes were ever to go on the rocks, she could make a pretty dashing livelihood for herself as an interior decorator. Maybe there is. And maybe the Prince of Wales rides like a Cossack.

They tell me that in the late spring of 1897, in Winsted, Connecticut, there was discovered a woman who did not believe that to her alone, of all her sex, had been given the gift of a perfect taste in the selection of men's neckwear.

I have actually met, in the flesh, a member of my own sex (female) who had never in her life cherished the idea that she could have been a success on the stage. But I have yet to pick up the faintest whisper of a rumor that there ever has been one of us girls who was not comfortably certain that as an interior decorator she was the ultimate "wow."

You can tell a woman you don't care so much for the perfume she uses and still remain comparatively unscarred; you can even explain to her that she has put on weight, or that you liked her old hat better.

But only try to intimate that hers is not an exquisite God given taste in matters of interior decoration and you will find yourself right out in the cold world, on the back of your head. A wounded lioness guarding the young is as gentle as Sunday night in the parlor compared to her.

All of us incipient Elsie de Wolfes would regard any course of training in decorating as just so much time out. Each one feels that she was born to the job—born, so to speak, with a sofa pillow in her mouth. This amazing flair for interior decorating isn't one of those things that take time and pains to acquire, like pyorrhea or the tango; it seems to be just an unaccountable gift, like intuition.

And here, if you were in any mood for crack-making, would be the time to point out that it usually works just about as well as they do

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

in practice. The insidious thing about the interior decorating instinct is that, unlike those afflicted young ladies in the advertisements who are often bridesmaids but never brides, each feels that she has it herself, but no one else has.

For I will say for the girls that they never fail to unbelt with the advice. You don't even have to hint for it. They will gladly give away all they have on hand, and see what the boys in the back room will have. No consideration of the nervous strain or the mental wear and tear can keep them from patiently explaining to the delighted friend that, of course, her little place is very nice indeed, quite sweet and homelike; but if they were she the first thing they would do would be to give away those curtains to some poor family, and then they would put that sofa up in the attic until the Salvation Army came around, and then they'd let the laundress take that rug home to her folks, and they would present that portrait of Great-Uncle Roger to the nearest home for the blind.

What, they conclude proudly, with some entirely different curtains, and a couple of roomy, colorful davenports, and one of those big, soft Chinese rugs, and a really good flower painting over the mantel, it would be a big surprise to them if anybody would recognize the room.

THE visiting decorators' follow-up offer to go along with her, at no matter what personal sacrifice is involved, and supervise the buying of an entire new outfit of furniture, so that there will be no chance of her making any further mistakes, adds just that ineffable finishing touch—the last straw, as who is it has called it? A good cry is invariable after the advisory committee has gone home.

My friend, Mrs. Winch, has one of the snappiest little cases of the interior decorator complex (if I may call it that—and surely you wouldn't be the one to stop me) that is going around town at the present moment. Hers is the true decorator's determination to leave the world a little fancier than she found it, and to that end she crashes confidently into the homes of her friends and offers them advice they wouldn't take from their own mothers. It is a trick which has broken up more friendships than any other thing, except leading away from the ace, queen.

Never in her lifetime has Mrs. Winch come upon any place the interior decorations of which really suited her, and those of us who enjoy her intimacy would be glad at any time to offer large, inviting odds that she never will. I don't say she does much more than hint about it publicly, but if you're reasonably quick you can gather that hers is always the feeling that, if she only had been consulted, things could have been fixed up considerably better.

It has often seemed to me a pretty rough thing that our Mrs. Winch couldn't have been around when Who's-this was decorating the Sistine Chapel. If she had only been there with a bridge lamp or so, and a bowl of Japanese lily bulbs, and some of those little painted tin match-cozies, she could have made a regular little nest of the place!

A visit from Mrs. Winch is something to be looked forward to by the friends. She is more fun than a coroner. She comes in, sits down, with a delicate wince at the pattern of the chair upholstery, and keeps sedulously off the big subject—at first. Her preliminary conversation is merely a résumé of the old favorites—Isn't it the queerest weather for this time of year? My dear, what have you been doing to yourself, you're looking so tired lately? And honestly, what with the independence of these tradespeople nowadays, a person can't tell what the world is coming to—it takes her anywhere from ten to twelve minutes really to get warmed up and into her stuff.

But once the Orange Pekoe has begun to get to her she loosens right up. She looks wearily around the room, shakes her head wistfully, and sighs a soft, fluttering sigh.

"My dear," she says (and you can see that, though she is doing her best to be brave about it, she cannot help but take the matter pretty personally), "why didn't you come to me? I could have told you. *What* ever made you go and get yellow curtains?"

It might occur to some that if Mrs. Winch were to strain herself the merest trifle she might figure out that what made you get yellow curtains was the fact that you thought yellow curtains were the very things to have. But Mrs. Winch has never gone into any such consideration in a really serious way. Always the motive behind the selection of the yellow curtains will remain a mystery to her.

From then it is but the work of a moment for her to get well into her stride. In simple, easy terms, so that there will be no opportunity for you to go wrong, she explains the amount of happiness you could bring into the lives of the family if you would just move the piano to that other corner and paint the bookcase more of a blue and get some other colored wall paper up as quickly as possible; and, if you really don't see your way clear to buying a new table, cover this one at the first spare moment with seven or eight yards of rare old brocade. Then, she points out to you, all you'd have to get would be a bowl of goldfish, and there you'd be!

It is Mrs. Winch's deep belief—and the rest of the decorating sisterhood strings right along with her in the argument—that it is truly amazing what goldfish will do toward livening up the place. Personally, I have thought up a perfectly corking answer to the statement. It is, in a word, "Yeah?"

AS one who has parted with important jack for the undisputed possession of a wrought iron tripod supporting a small time aquarium, I can only say it is perfectly astounding what a lack of difference it has made in the room. High hopes were entertained of its being the decorative center of things and causing incoming beauty lovers to exclaim with appreciation. But it has been found necessary, every time, to draw it to visitors' attention by pointing to it and remarking in clear tones, "Look, we got goldfish." To which the guests respond, "O!" or "So you have," according to their quickness of wit, and the subject is closed.

But Mrs. Winch is all convinced that a bowl of goldfish will set any home on its feet, esthetically speaking. And it has often been found that in any contention with the lady on decorative matters your side of the case is best stated in the words, "Yes, Mrs. Winch."

Of course, Mrs. Winch may be really notable in her readiness with suggestions, but the rest of the girls, perhaps not so quick on the draw, are fully as eager to help you along with your interior decorating problems. They may have trained themselves to keep the tendency under control; they may do no more, during the course of their visit, than to part with a few words on how, if they had been you, the last things that they would have chosen would have been those lamp shades now present. But, no matter how reticent they may be in your presence, you can always know that they will unburden on the way home.

"My dear," you can seem to hear them saying, one to another, "did you notice those sofa pillows? Well, I nearly died, trying to keep a straight face. I simply didn't dare catch your eye."

Naturally, in the sanctity of their own little love nests, the talented ones can let themselves go. The chintz flows like water, once they get fairly under way. Give them an empty apartment and *carte blanche*, or at least comparatively *blanche*, at the upholstery counter, and they are all set for a bit of real life.

YOU can track them all over the city by the samples of curtain material which flutter from their handbags, and their conversation is entirely of mirror cords and nests of tables and where to put the piano. There are few things prettier than the girls' childlike faith that the whole world is right on the edge of its chair to hear them tell of how the new rug looks and of just when it was that the inspiration came to them to have the hall done in black and white.

They can—and, need I say it? do—run on for hours with anecdotes of what they went through trying to place the davenport so that it would give satisfaction to all, and of how the paperhangers went away and left them as good as flat, to celebrate one of those Old Testament holidays, and of what the new bedspreads cost in raw materials and labor, to say nothing of nervous tension. If you are going to spend an afternoon with a lady who is in the midst of decorating the abode it is always a good idea to bring along a book.

But what with business the way it is, the girls cannot redecorate the nests as often as their little hearts desire; no one knows better than you how the thing runs into money. Yet, though their personal style may be cramped, the true interior decorator spirit remains undaunted. It simply lets itself out and goes into the matter in a larger, more impersonal way.

It is this that makes it a man's job to drag them past elderly and abandoned houses, along country roads. There is something about the sight of an empty, down at the heel house that drives all the ladies wild—O, in a refined way, of course.

"Now, that could be made simply *darling*," they say dreamily, gazing upon a roofless four room mansion with all its windows broken by the local adolescents, which was doubtless erected twenty-one years ago by a barber who had come upon hard times.

You can tell, from their tone, that if there is going to be any question of restoring it they would be just the logical ones to put in charge of the reconstruction work. Let them have unbounded cretonne and a couple of pots of ivy and they have it all planned out that in a week's time you wouldn't be able to tell the place from the Petit Trianon.

Indeed, if you want to cover any real distance while strolling along a country road with an amateur decorator—and under that head may be grouped all the ladies of your acquaintance, including the Little Woman herself—the best plan is to fit her out with a pair of blinders before you start.

On the other hand, there is something to be said for giving the girls a big day in the country, touring the crumbling houses. The cost is purely nominal, the ladies are provided with one of the authentic times of their lives, and it keeps them out in the open air.

And for all us nonprofessional interior decorators, as my Severest Critic has frequently observed in the privacy of our home, the air is the logical thing.

THE END

Here Is the First of a Series of Stories About the Greatest Boy Hero We Have Ever Met—Anthony, Whose Crotchety, But Helpful Familiar Is the Wraith of Mad Anthony Wayne

MAD ANTHONY

A Story of the Joys and Trials, Loves and Longings of American Boyhood

By

CLIFFORD RAYMOND

Author of The Mystery of Hartley House, One of Three, Four Corners, Etc.

Pictures by W. B. KING

Anthony looked up from his book. There already was Mad Anthony in the room.

THE MOUSE

AFTER supper Anthony had curled up in a chair by the reading lamp near the base burner. The September wind was riding the tops of the trees and it sang in the eaves and rattled a loose window.

Anthony was reading Wuthering Heights. He ought to have been doing twenty lines of Horace, but by promising himself to do that in the morning he had increased his sense of comfort. Wuthering Heights gave him creepy sensations which were luxurious. It and the wind made him think of graveyards and what might walk within them or fly over them.

Then he felt suddenly uneasy. He was comfortable, did not want to be disturbed, and he had thought of burial grounds. That was sure to bring Mad Anthony Wayne. Such things always did. Let Anthony think of something he did not want to do, and there would be Mad Anthony beckoning to him.

He looked up from his book. He knew what he would see. There already was Mad Anthony in the room. The old general's face was weather-beaten and war worn. He listed a little to one side, on an ebony, gold topped cane given him by the Marquis de Lafayette as a token of personal esteem and affection. He was in blue and buff. He wore a three cornered hat. His peruke was powdered.

Mad Anthony beckoned. Anthony knew what he meant. He put his book aside and uncurled himself from his chair.

"I guess I'll go out and take a walk," he said to his father and mother.

"Surely you're not going out this windy night," said his mother.

"Where are you going?" his father asked.

"Nowhere," said Anthony.

"Then stay here," said his father.

"I think I ought to take a walk," said Anthony, wondering if Mad Anthony appreciated the difficulties of dealing with a mother and father. "I'll sleep better. It's just a walk. I've got a theme to write and I think better when I walk. And it will rest my eyes."

"Well, Anthony," said his father, "twenty minutes."

Then he and Mad Anthony were on their way to the graveyard. There was a scud of clouds across the face of the half moon as of old women with pointed caps riding on brooms.

MAD ANTHONY apologized for the slight list on his cane side.

"A touch of rheumatism in the Ohio campaign," he said. "A memento of Fallen Timbers of which I've never been wholly rid."

"Does it hurt much?" Anthony asked.

"A man is never hurt," Mad Anthony replied. "He is merely incapacitated."

"Yes, sir," said Anthony.

"And he's never soft," said Mad Anthony, "and he's never afraid."

"No, sir," said Anthony.

"Discipline," continued Mad Anthony, "is the thing by which humanity lives. Poor old St. Clair failed against the Miami villages because he was sick and soft and his men were butchered by the Indians because they were an undisciplined rabble. Don't ever be afraid. If you see anything that frightens you, walk up and slap it in the face. If it's a lion it may eat you, but better be eaten by a lion than scared by a mouse."

"Yes, sir," said Anthony to Mad Anthony.

Mad Anthony took off his three cornered hat and mopped his brow with a handkerchief.

"It is chill this night," he said, "but I am heated. You never spoke to Washington?"

"No, sir," said Anthony.

"A man," declared Mad Anthony. "I have seen him tried by every poltroonery of which human nature is capable. Take him as a model."

Anthony looked up at Mad Anthony and wanted to say that he had taken his present companion as a preceptor. He thought that would be indelicate, but Mad Anthony saw the look.

"More of this another time," said Mad Anthony. "Here's the graveyard gate. I leave you here."

Mad Anthony dematerialized in the shadows of the Lombardy poplars, the weeping willows, and at the cypress at the gates.

The wind was stronger than before. The old evergreens bowed to it. The gravestones which had been white were again white in the night light. Some graves had benches of marble. There were many old monuments of forgotten life.

Anthony walked along the paths. He must walk slowly and, being afraid, dare himself to be so. The bracken by the walks was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

dried and broken. There was a small stream which in running over rocks murmured as if the old dead gossiped.

The stream filled a pool in which in spring frogs sang. In midsummer there were white and yellow water lilies and at the edges were blue iris which in the frost of fall dropped into the dark water.

The half moon now was reflected in the pond. When Anthony came to the pool he saw a white figure on a white grave bench. He stopped. He saw it, but he thought he must be deceived. He saw it too plainly for that. It was there. He thought it must be something fantastic. It was there to terrify him. It sat in front of a syringa bush. It seemed to be staring at him, which was absurd. If it were a fantastic illusion it could not stare at him.

Anthony took two backward steps. At the second Mad Anthony's hand was on his shoulder. The vision moved. He saw that.

"Better be eaten by a lion," he heard Mad Anthony saying, "than be scared by a mouse."

He walked forward, toward the bench.

"What are you?" he asked. He was covered with crinkly sensations. An icicle was running up and down his back.

"I'm Agnes Holt," said the vision. "And who are you?"

"I'm Anthony Wayne," he said. "What are you doing here?"

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I came because I didn't want to come," he replied.

"O, so did I," she said.

"You scared me," he confessed, "sitting there on a gravestone."

"I didn't mean to. I didn't think I'd meet any one in the graveyard."

Anthony walked up to the bench. He was feeling better.

"But what did you come out here for?" he asked again.

"Because I was afraid to come. My mamma always does anything she is afraid to do or doesn't like to do. She cleans fish. My father never was afraid of anything. He's been in Tibet and Egypt and Yucatan. I used to know you. I used to play with you."

Young Anthony knew who she was. She was the daughter of Angus Holt, who lived in the big house three blocks from his at the corner of Elm Street and South Avenue. It had big towers and bays. Mr. Holt had something wrong with his legs. He was very rich.

Anthony had played with Agnes before she had been taken to Paris to go to school. He knew her older sister, Stella, who was very beautiful.

"I remember you," he said, "but it's been a long time."

"I just got home today," she explained. "And tonight I remembered that I used to be afraid of the graveyard. I knew if my mother was afraid of it she would come out and sit in it. So I crawled out of my window and came out. She'd stay out here all night."

"Well," said Anthony, "we've both done it. My father said I could stay out twenty minutes. Let's go home."

"Let's," the little girl said.

The wind ran over their heads in the trees and the leaves went tumbling under foot.

"How are you going to get in?" Anthony asked when they came to Agnes' home.

"The way I got out," she replied. "By the ivy vines. They hold me."

"I'd better see whether they do."

"I got out by myself. I can get in by my-

Anthony sent a swinging blow at Clarence, hitting him where he could most easily reach, in the stomach.

When Anthony came to the pool he saw a white figure on a white grave bench

self. Good-night, Anthony. See you tomorrow."

Anthony had a true courtesy. He went home.

"See you tomorrow," Agnes called after him.

IN the morning Anthony had an apprehension of new complications in his life. That promise of Agnes Holt to see him had serious implications. She might try to do it.

At breakfast his mother said to his father that Mrs. Holt and her daughter Agnes were home again and that Agnes had come back a perfect little beauty.

"I saw her this morning riding by on her pony," said Mrs. Wayne.

Anthony, a town student at the college, went to school that morning by a circuitous route which enabled him to avoid the Holt residence by a half mile. His direct, natural way to College Hill was by Agnes' home, but he was taking no chances. The time to avoid complications is before they tighten on you.

Girls were complications with which Anthony had nothing to do, and he did not intend to have anything to do with them if he knew himself. They scared him, in graveyards or out of them.

In the college cloisters on the Hill Anthony felt at ease. He remained for football practice, but after a little tackling and punting was sent away by the coach, who was disgusted with his linemen and wanted nothing to disturb him while he gave them a grilling.

Anthony went home by the circuitous way he had taken in the morning to avoid Agnes' home. The chances of her seeing him that day were not very good. In a few days she'd forget about it. At least he hoped so.

At Elm and Sixth Streets he rounded the corner plump into a group of girls. There was one boy with them, Clarence Knight.

Anthony particularly did not like any of the girls and he knew all of them. He would have walked another mile or two miles or maybe ten to have kept out of their way. They were three or four years older than he was, al-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN]

most grown up, but noisy and silly and brash.

Clarence was obnoxious. He was always hanging around girls. He was big, almost twice as big as Anthony. He also was noisy and silly, stupid but always saying things he thought were funny and the silly girls shrieked at them. They were shrieking as Anthony turned the corner.

"Here's Peewee," said Clarence, seeing Anthony. Clarence was in good form.

"O, Peewee! Peewee!" the girls cried, encircling him.

Anthony blushed and the perspiration broke out all over his forehead. He was trembling with fright and limp with shame. Flora Brown had him by one arm and Myrtle Reed by the other. The three other girls closed in on him.

"O, Anthony," said Flora tenderly, "you never come to see me."

"Kiss me, Peewee," said Myrtle, bending over him. "O, please."

"Kiss me," the other girls cried, delighted to tease the embarrassed boy and pressing their faces toward him with pouting lips. His own lips trembled. He knew there were tears in his eyes.

"Kiss the ladies, you little polliwog," said Clarence, "or I'll twist your nose off."

Anthony's look appealed to the girls for pity, but they were having too much fun torturing him.

"Kiss them," Clarence ordered. He grabbed Anthony's cap and threw it in the street. He seized Anthony by the hair and shook his head. Flora tried to kiss him on the lips. He squirmed and got it on the cheek, struggling. Clarence drew a spray from his pocket and suddenly drenched the victim with a cheap perfume the scent of which carried fifty feet.

ANTHONY was bewildered by the jeering, laughing attack.

"Anthony," a new voice from the curb cried. "What's the matter, Anthony?"

Agnes, riding her pony, had stopped, dismounted, picked up Anthony's cap, and was standing at the edge of the sidewalk, her eyes bright and her face flushed.

"Another Peewee," cried Clarence. He shot a stream of perfume at her. The pony started back. Agnes controlled it. The contempt in her face checked the girls, but not Clarence.

"Kiss me," Clarence said.

Suddenly Mad Anthony was at the curb. Anthony never had seen the General's face so livid. He was furious.

"Cane the whelp," he shouted. "You can't challenge a dog like that. Horsewhip him. Cane him on the spot."

In a counterpart of Mad Anthony's fury Anthony sprang forward. He sent a swinging blow at Clarence, hitting him where he could most easily reach, in the stomach. Anthony did not know anything of the solar plexus. It is not the easiest thing to hit. If it were, prizefights would be shorter. Anthony hit the spot.

Clarence's face was contorted in agony. He made a sound which was like "woof." He bent double, holding his stomach with both hands. He walked a few steps, all bent together. Then he shrieked, fell down and rolled over, yelping.

He got to his feet and tried to run, bent over and holding his stomach. Every few steps he yelped. He made for home, crying out even after the hurt eased down.

The girls were silent. Their mouths were open. Anthony turned on them.

"Go home," he cried.

They backed away, around the corner; then they ran. They were not giggling. Agnes gave Anthony his cap. He held her pony while she mounted. He knew there was a way of giving a lady a hand for her foot, but he did not know how to do it.

"Thank you, Anthony," said Agnes, and the pony jogged up the street.

Anthony went home. His mother and father looked up as he came in and sniffed.

"Anthony!" his mother cried. "What is it?"

"Perfume, I guess," he said.

"What are you doing with it?"

"It was a joke."

"A joke! We can't have you in the house that way. Go change your clothes and wash your hair. Who did it?"

"It was in a crowd," said Anthony.

SOON after supper the Waynes had a caller. It was Mrs. Knight. She was grim. She carried the import of a duty.

"I thought I should tell you, Mrs. Wayne, and you, Mr. Wayne, that Anthony attacked Clarence this evening and seriously injured him. I thought you ought to know. We almost had to have a doctor. But he's resting better now."

Mrs. Knight glared at Anthony.

"O, no!" Mrs. Wayne exclaimed, looking in amazed reproof at her son.

"Without provocation," Mrs. Knight angrily exclaimed.

"But Anthony isn't half Clarence's size," said Mr. Wayne. "What did he strike him with?"

"I don't know. It must have been a deadly weapon. Clarence seems large, but he is a frail boy and a thing like this upsets us dreadfully."

"I don't understand it," Mr. Wayne said. "Anthony, what did you do?"

"Nothing—much," said Anthony.

"That is not an answer, son," replied his father.

There was a rap at the door. Mrs. Wayne opened it. Agnes Holt came in.

"Good evening, Mrs. Wayne," she said. "Good evening, Mr. Wayne. I just ran over a minute to tell you about Anthony. I knew he wouldn't tell about himself. O, maybe you don't know me. I'm Agnes Holt."

"We were just trying to find out about Anthony, Agnes," Mr. Wayne explained. "Please tell us."

"O, no," Anthony protested.

"A big boy and some big girls were tormenting Anthony and the big boy was abusing him. The girls were trying to kiss him and the big boy was pulling his hair and squirting perfume on him. I came by and the boy squirted perfume on me and said he was going to kiss me. Then Anthony hit him, just once, and the other boy doubled all up and went home crying."

"What did he hit him with, Agnes?" Mr. Wayne asked.

"With his hand," said Agnes.

Anthony felt both shame and relief.

"I must go now," Agnes said. "I didn't tell my family I was coming, but I just knew Anthony wouldn't tell and I thought you ought to know."

"How did you know he wouldn't tell?" Mr. Wayne asked, smiling.

"You can tell that kind of a boy," replied Agnes. She curtsied, said good night, and left.

"Well, I never," exclaimed Mrs. Wayne.

Mrs. Knight continued to glare.

"I think, Mrs. Knight," said Mr. Wayne, "that maybe we had better leave these affairs to the children."

Mrs. Knight's good night was curt.

"I declare, Anthony," said his mother, "I think you might have saved us this by telling us what had happened. The idea of that woman coming here about her lummox of a boy after your coming home the way you did. I just don't understand you."

"Don't say anything more, mother," interrupted Mr. Wayne. "I'm reasonably sure I'm glad Anthony isn't Clarence."

Anthony, much relieved, went out in the yard and stood by the picket fence.

MAD ANTHONY, taking the air, strolled along, flourishing the ebony cane which his friend, the Marquis de Lafayette, had given him as a token of esteem. He stopped by the pickets and looked at Anthony with a smile and a nod of his head, both in approval and in mild reproof.

"You see, Anthony," he said, "if you had not been running away from something you would not have encountered that humiliation."

"Yes, sir," said Anthony, who knew what he meant.

"However," said Mad Anthony, "you caned the whelp well. But remember. If there's anything of which you are afraid, walk up to it and slap it in the face."

"But girls," Anthony suggested tremulously.

"One, of course, does not slap girls," Mad Anthony replied, subduing his smile. "Good evening to you, Anthony."

Mad Anthony walked on, flourishing his cane and saying:

"Better be eaten by a lion than scared by a mouse."

"Yes, sir," said Anthony.

The next morning Anthony went to school by his usual route, and as he passed the Holt home Agnes, on the big lawn, saw him and called "Yoo hoo, Anthony!"

There seemed to be no help for it. A girl was in Anthony's life.

That's all for the Mouse—next time Anthony, loyally obeying his hero's command, braves "The Lion," and the result is a splendid football story, which you'll find in an early number of Liberty as the next installment of Mad Anthony. Watch for it.

W. L. GEORGE

GETTING HER TO SAY "YES!"

Do you know how badly most men bungle the job, and why most women are so much more skillful? The whole story is told with startling insight by W. L. George, in his sparkling article,

The Way of a Man with a Maid,

the second in the famous author's scintillating series of Essays on Love—out in next week's Liberty. Don't miss it!

TRUB'S DIARY

By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

Chapter Eight: Flips and the Chauffeur

In Which the Inimitable Pup Learns About Love, a Woman Scorned, Motor Oil—and Soap!

"I tried to become unslippery on the bed."

Picture by ROBERT DICKEY

DECEMBER 2. Saki is making my life a hell! It's his tagging around after me. And closing all the closet doors. The upstairs girl does it, too. Just the minute I come into a room she rushes to the closet and shuts the door.

She's done it since I found the bedroom slippers. I found them in Flips' room. They were in the closet. They were made of pink satin. Inside was fur. It was hard to get the pink satin off—but worth it.

I took the fur lining downstairs. I made up a new game. It was called Helpless Prey. To play it you simply growl and shake.

Saki saw me playing the new game. He got excited. You'd know he would. I took the fur lining and ran. Saki ran after me. I ran faster. Saki ran faster. We ran down the hall. We ran into the dining room. We ran around the dining room table. It was fun!

We went out into the glass room. We went fast. Aunt Caroline and Flips and the Molecule were in the glass room. They were eating breakfast. I ran under the breakfast table.

The Molecule said, "If it's a race you lose, Saki."

Saki said, "Troobal have brought in outside animal of sorts."

I began to play the new game under the table. I changed the name. I called it The Battle in the Den! To play it with that name you simply shake harder and growl louder.

Aunt Caroline looked under the table. The Molecule looked under the table. Flips looked under the table.

Flips said, "O Gosh!"

Aunt Caroline said, "Good heavens! What is it?"

The Molecule said, "It's all right. He's just brought in a little polecat friend for breakfast."

Flips screamed and got up on her chair. Aunt Caroline screamed and got up on her chair. The dining room girl screamed and went away from there. Before she went she dropped a plate of scrambled eggs on the floor. Delicious!

I WENT back under the table when the eggs were gone. Saki had taken away the fur lining. I felt like being quiet for awhile. I was.

Flips and the Molecule and Aunt Caroline talked.

Flips said, "When love comes to me I shan't require advice from anyone. Pass the toast, Bobby!"

Aunt Caroline said, "Will you be quiet, Florence!"

Flips said, "I will not be quiet. Just because Dacia is in pictures you go on this way."

Aunt Caroline said, "Dacia?"

Flips said, "Why not? She's going to be my sister-in-law, isn't she?"

Aunt Caroline said, "Suppose you wait until you meet this young woman before you begin calling her by her first name."

Flips said, "Well, suppose you let me meet her?"

The Molecule said, "She has you there, Aunt Caroline. Another cup of coffee from your fair and gracious hands."

Aunt Caroline said, "Florence, I've asked you to be quiet. Do you intend to obey me?"

Flips said, "Not when my own brother's happiness is——"

Aunt Caroline said, "Florence, leave the room!"

Flips said, "I shan't leave the room. Not if you cut me in pieces. My own brother's happiness is——"

Aunt Caroline said, "If you don't leave the room this instant I'll stop your allowance for three months."

Flips got up from her chair. She said, "I call that a dirty trick, when my own brother's happiness is——"

Aunt Caroline said, "Florence!"

Flips went away from there. I went with her. She put on a coat and hat. She said, "The old dud! Come on, Pupsums!"

We went outside. We went into the garage. The shofer was there. Aunt Caroline calls him William. He has light hair and a pink face and blue eyes. He was holding a big red hose without any ends in a pail of water.

Flips said, "H'lo, Bill!"

The shofer didn't say anything.

Flips said, "What are you doing?"

The shofer said, "Testing this tube."

Flips said, "How?"

The shofer said, "Watch the bubbles."

Flips said, "I don't see any bubbles."

The shofer said, "I'll say you don't. When I fix 'em they stay fixed."

He stood the red hose against the wall. He got a big tin pan. He put it under an automobile. He slid under the automobile on his back.

Flips said, "What are you going to do now?"

The shofer said, "Drain the crank case on this wagon."

Flips said, "What for?"

The shofer said, "Listen! Drop into high and give yourself the air."

Flips said, "Why are you so hateful to me, Billy?" Tears began to come out of her eyes. Black stuff began to come out of the automobile in the tin pan. The shofer came out from under the automobile. I went under the automobile. I smelled the black stuff in the pan. I tasted it. Terrible!

Flips and the shofer were talking. The shofer said, "Turn off the water. It don't get you a thing."

Flips said, "You'd better look out. You know what Shakespeare said—all about a woman scorned."

The shofer said, "Where do you get that woman stuff?"

Flips said, "A man should be ten years older than the girl."

The shofer said, "Say, lay off that, will you?" He pulled the pan of black stuff from under the automobile.

Flips said, "You're not twenty-seven."

The shofer didn't say anything.

Flips said, "Are you?"

The shofer didn't say anything.

Flips said, "I'll bet you're not anywhere near it. I'll bet you're not more than twenty."

The shofer said, "Twenty! Listen! I'll never see twenty-two again."

Flips said, "Twenty-two! Why that only makes you five years older than——"

The shofer said, "Now get me right. You've gotta cut this out. If Miss Trescott gets wise to your cracks about ages and this and that, I'm out of a good job with no reference."

I WAS surprised at what happened. It would surprise anyone. The red hose went off right in my mouth. It blew air down my throat. It was a queer feeling. I gave a big jump. I landed in the pan of black stuff. I rolled over in the black stuff. The smell was terrible.

I got out of the pan and went away from there. I ran out of the garage. I ran around the house. I felt very slippery. I tried rolling on the grass. I still felt slippery. I could hear Flips calling me. I did not respond. I was thinking. I wished to become unslippery.

An idea came to me. I went and scratched on the front door. I went in the door quickly when Saki opened it. He tried to stop me. Couldn't, too slippery. I ran upstairs. The door to Aunt Caroline's room was open. Lucky for once!

I went in Aunt Caroline's room. I jumped upon the bed. I tried to become unslippery on the bed. I think I could have done it if they'd let me alone.

They didn't. I don't think I ever saw them get more excited. And then guess what? Three baths! Three of them! One right after the other! Saki did it. He used up a whole cake of soap. Talk about awful.

I'm still just a little slippery.

Trub gets into another laughable difficulty, and out again, while the affairs of the Trescotts move along in surprising fashion in the next installment of Trub's delightful diary, which will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

Prue had the look of a very pretty, very willful child who ought to be spanked.

Worse Than MALARIA

By ROYAL BROWN

It May Be Mean, But Just at This Point We Refuse to Tell You What Was Worse Than Malaria. Suffice to State That This Is a Love Story With a Most Unexpected Climax

Pictures by H. WESTON TAYLOR

EVER since the day—eight years before—when Richard Wynne had quitted Princeton and, overnight, these United States as well, he had followed pursuits usually reckoned adventurous. Yet on this April night, glamorous with the hint of spring, when he and the girl the others called Prue—he had been introduced to her, after a fashion, but had missed her surname—taxied up Fifth Avenue it suddenly struck him that nothing quite as odd as this had ever happened to him.

That, in fact, it couldn't have happened anywhere save in New York.

In Paris, Vienna, Mexico City or San Jose—anywhere save in his native America—there might have been a girl with him under the same circumstances, but her status would have been definitely established by her presence.

But Prue! She had somehow the look of a very pretty, very willful child who, he suspected, ought to be spanked.

"Charming enough," he had decided, earlier this evening, "to be quite accustomed to having her own way with a man, and feminine enough to be tyrannous when he offends."

This she had demonstrated by her treatment of poor Johnny Somes, who, after undergoing discipline all evening, had now been definitely abandoned.

They had been, originally, a party of five, with Wynne as the odd man. Yielding to the surprising persistence with which Johnny had pressed his invitation, Wynne had trailed along to play, as he had prophesied, the part of a fifth wheel. He had suspected, as well, that he would be bored. But he hadn't been.

Once, as a Princeton man, Wynne had known New York. But the pace had quickened. The color had become kaleidoscopic, as vivid and as arresting as the many hued signs which still flamed against the night sky.

"I feel," he commented suddenly to Prue, "like Rip Van Winkle!"

The glance she shot at him was as impersonal and as straightforward as a man's.

"You have been silent," she retorted. "But I had no idea you had been asleep."

This he accepted with a smile, though he might have retorted that this new New York was to him something to be appreciated in silence, while he held himself a little aloof. The people about him, even these of his own party, had seemed not so much individuals as a part of the composite picture New York presented. In his own party the dark haired girl and her escort had been wholly engrossed in each other. Prue, he suspected, had been affronted by his addition without her permission.

Yet here he was with her, at half past one, in a taxi, bound he knew not whither.

THEY—the rest of them—had been complaining bitterly, as if it were an intolerable deprivation, of a rule which forbade dancing after one. Wynne, who had not danced at all, found that amusing. To sit and listen to good music, to watch life eddy about him, had seemed to him enough.

"I'm going to dance, anyway," Prue had said, suddenly.

"They won't let you," Johnny had protested.

"Then I'll go somewhere where I can! No!" she had added, positively, as he had risen. "You stay where you are. Mr. Wynne will accompany me."

Again in Fifth Avenue, light, color, and movement had engrossed him until, recalling the girl beside him, Wynne had broken the silence. As she replied he studied, briefly, the silhouette her fine little nose and determined chin made against a street light.

"I'm afraid," he remarked, "that I didn't catch your name—your last name, that is."

"I'm afraid that you are trying to make conversation. What's in a name, anyway?"

"Nothing—else I feel sure you would never have been christened Prudence!"

In Wynne's tone there was blended amusement and tolerance and something she liked still less.

"Just how old are you?" she asked, unexpectedly.

"Why—twenty-nine," he confessed.

"Really? I thought from your manner that you must be sixty at least. Would you mind treating me as an adult—if not your intellectual equal? If you keep on with that fatherly tone I'll end up by saying 'goo'!"

The corner of her pretty mouth dimpled.

"Tell me all about your adventures! Johnny spoke of them—sugar in Cuba, ice making in Panama, rubber in Colombia. I'm horribly interested. O, how I wish I were a man, too!"

The mimicry was exquisite; Wynne's smile broadened.

THEY had swung into Riverside Drive and the stars overhead, the lights along the Jersey shore, the gold flecked expanse of the river, made a panorama which momentarily diverted him. Presently Wynne turned to her.

"Had you any intention of dancing?" he asked.

"Please signal the driver to stop," she replied, and the taxi halted.

"But," Wynne protested as they crossed the drive, "I don't see facilities for dancing here!"

"Wait until I check my hat—I ought to keep it on and let the feather stab your eye, but I'll be merciful—and I'll show you," she promised.

The light from an arc lamp shone on her as, with her arms upraised, she took off her hat, set it on the edge of the very wide pave-

She hummed lightly one of the dance tunes they had played at the Montmartre and she swayed a little to the music of her own making.

ment, and gave her hair a pat here and a poke there. Then:

"Dance!" she commanded.

As she spoke she slipped into his arms. The fragrance of her hair came to him. She hummed lightly one of the dance tunes they had played at the cabaret—and she swayed a little to the music of her own making.

"But—you do not mean——" he protested.

"Dance!" she commanded again. "It will be different, but perhaps you can recover your youth!"

"They should," said Wynne, yielding to her mood, "have called you Circe!"

"I'm not sure," she replied, "whether that is a compliment or not. Perhaps you are out of practice—but you *can* dance! Why have you been pretending all evening that you couldn't?"

Wynne felt fatuous, yet there was a subtle intoxication to the adventure. He held in his arms not so much Prue, humming lightly, but youth, lovely, reckless, and lawless—especially the last.

"Hey!" announced a voice of authority. "You can't do that here!"

Wynne half paused but Prue never faltered.

"Why not?" she called over her shoulder to the intruder.

"It isn't allowed!" explained the policeman.

"How preposterous. It's such a perfect place to dance, don't you think?"

"I do not," said the officer definitely.

Prue slipped from Wynne's arms.

"I'll bet," said she, "that you never tried it."

"Not here—hey—what do you think you're doing?"

"It wouldn't be proper for you to wear your hat—not while you danced with me," she explained. Turning toward Wynne she tossed the officer's cap to him.

"Look here, young woman! You can't play tricks on me——"

"Dance!" she commanded the blue coat.

"I will not!"

"O, yes, you will," she sweetly replied. "Come—one—two—*one—two!*"

They danced, the officer self-consciously, Prue with that nonchalant grace Wynne had noted again and again during the evening.

"Why," breathed Prue, when they paused, presently. "You're simply wonderful. Are you here every night at this time?"

"Quit your kidding," advised her blue coated partner, retrieving his hat but grinning, nevertheless. "You're a cute one but the sergeant is apt to show up any moment. You and your fellow better be moving on."

"O," retorted Prue, retrieving her hat and pushing it down over her pretty ears. "He's not *my* fellow!"

"Whose is he, then?"

"I suspect he's a woman hater."

"This is no place for a woman hater—not with *you!*"

There spoke not only the voice of authority but the voice of an oracle as well.

Wynne commandeered a taxi, their own having departed, and they started downtown.

"Wasn't it gorgeous!" she remarked.

"Outrageous, rather."

"And Johnny said you were adventurous!" she jeered. She snuggled her chin into her fur and added, "I've got to get to work at nine! Heaven may protect the poor working girl but it doesn't seem to give her sense, does it? I'll be dead!"

"You work?"—Wynne was surprised.

"'Day in, day out, from night to night, you can hear my bosses roar; my brow is wet with honest sweat, I earn what I get—and more'! How is that for poetry?"

"I suspect there is more poetry than truth in it."

"You wrong me. If I had only said 'you

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

can hear the family roar' it would have been a perfect picture! . . . Are you hungry?"

"Not particularly."

"I am. Let's stop at Childs'."

Prue ordered griddle cakes and coffee.

Wynne, ordering only tea for himself, studied Prue. The dazzling light beat mercilessly down upon her, but she needed no mercy. She was slim, lovely, valiantly youthful.

They arose, for she had finished. He slipped her furs over her trim shoulders. At the door he would have called a taxi, but she shook her head.

"There's not the slightest need of it—and I've kept *you* up beyond *your* usual bedtime already. I wouldn't have bothered, really, if I had realized how elderly and settled down—and utterly impossible—you were!"

The last word, as he might have expected, was hers, for she used this as an exit line. A blithe nod and she was gone.

NOWHERE, he was surer than ever, except in New York, could this have happened.

Nevertheless, he had returned to New York, after a long absence, not on pleasure bent but for a conference with Johnny Somes' father. The latter was a self-made man, and so, in a manner of speaking, was Johnny. They had worked under different conditions, toward different ends, that was all.

Nothing had ever been denied Johnny; the result was what might have been expected.

"I've always hoped that Johnny might want to come into the business some day," Somes senior told Wynne later this same day. And added, abruptly, "There is a meeting of the board of directors Wednesday at two. Can you be there?"

Wynne could and did, to answer a rapid fire of questions. And there were during the week further conferences with Johnny's father, a busy man with interests traversing continents.

Yet, even so, Wynne's time was not wholly occupied. He was to wonder, at odd moments, if Prue might not have been worth an effort to hold that night she so carelessly dismissed him at the restaurant. But, resorting to philosophy, he assured himself that he had taken the cream off New York that first night.

Even Prue, he decided, would not seem the same should chance cross their paths again. Yet, when he glimpsed her at the Ritz one afternoon, just after five, he crossed to her at once.

"Waiting for some one?" he asked.

"For Johnny. Perceive, if you please, and admire, if you will, a woman who is on time—and swear for me at the man who isn't."

"I can't, for Johnny's delay is my gain."

She glanced up at him.

"Have you an appointment here, too?" she asked.

He nodded, saying, "I found a message at the club asking me to meet Mr. Somes here at five. Johnny's father, that is."

"Sit down," she suggested, moving over to give him room. "We'll form a joint reception committee for the Somes family. Please—I want Johnny to find you here. He all but bites his nails when I mention your name—as I do, frequently. I've used you, after all, you see. I've confessed to him that I'm mad about you. O, I haven't compromised you——. I've explained that I love in vain. I told him you positively scorned me——"

"But I didn't!" Wynne protested.

"Really! What must your scorn be, then? Anyway, Johnny is staggered by your lack of taste and is pea green with jealousy. When he appears, please, please do not squirm too visibly when I gaze at you longingly."

"I promise you," he retorted, "that when he appears I'll vanish!"

She glanced at her wrist watch.

"Why—it's five-fifteen!" she protested. "That settles it. Time, tide, and Prudence wait for no man. I was promised tea, and I'm famished—will you not buy me tea, kind sir?"

"I'd like to, but——"

"There are times," she interrupted, "when I'd like to slap you. You 'but' me too many times! Leave your name at the desk and ask them to page you when your Mister Somes comes."

THEY had tea together, alone and uninterrupted, for neither Johnny nor his father appeared. And though they had nothing stronger than tea, Wynne found it a beguiling beverage, and when at six they emerged into the April dusk, he was loath to let her depart.

"Have you anything special on for tonight?" he asked.

"Loads! You have no idea how popular I am in some circles."

"I'm sorry!"

"You almost look it!" she commented. "What were you about to offer?"

"Anything you wished."

"You mean—you'd do everything and anything I said?" she demanded. And, as he nodded, she added, "I'll hold you to that. Call a taxi, please."

They drove down Fifth Avenue, aglow with many lights, into Washington Square. She lived just off the square in an apartment with a small but beautifully appointed living room which took him by surprise.

"Tea at the Ritz and an apartment like this!" he commented. "Yet you have led me to believe that you are a working girl."

"This was a gift of the gods. The rightful owner is in Europe. I'm merely here lest moths corrupt or thieves break in and steal!"

"You live here—all alone?"

Prue stooped, with lithe grace, and drew a white china cat from under the divan: a cat with bland blue eyes and incredible whiskers.

"My chaperon," she explained. "Johnny gave her to me. We call her Aunt Elizabeth. Doesn't she look competent?"

"Very," Wynne agreed.

"She'll keep you company while I change for dinner."

Eventually Prue returned, exquisite in a décolletté that revealed the ivory of her shoulders and seemed to accentuate her slim perfection of body. She crossed to a mirror to give her hair a final touch and survey; accepting his presence with a casualness which suggested an intimacy which gave him a glowing sense of well being.

"I've telephoned Johnny," she announced. "He'll be here in a few minutes!"

"Johnny!" gasped Wynne.

"You've spilt cigaret ashes all over the rug—and I'm maid as well as caretaker," she said, disapprovingly. And then, reverting to the issue, "He thinks I've forgiven him. But his troubles have just begun. He has no idea that *you* are here——"

"Nor will he find me here," Wynne assured her.

"Are you going to break your promise? You're pledged, aren't you?"

"Exactly to what?" he demanded, grimly.

"You are to compete, actively, with Johnny from now until I dismiss you," she replied, coolly. "You are to prove, by word and deed, that you are the latest captive of my charms. If he glares at you—as he will—you are to glare back——"

"I am not particularly good at glaring."

"You are doing very nicely this minute!"

"Look here. Do you think it's fair——"

"Are you asking me—a woman—to be fair?" she mocked.

She paused. The outer door had opened and closed.

"He's here!" Prue announced, almost breathlessly, and the next thing Wynne knew she was standing very close to him. "Your face is so nice and brown—I think that it was that which attracted me at first—before I discovered what a strong character you have!"

The hapless Johnny stopped short on the threshold.

"Johnny Somes!" she cried, turning what had every appearance of being an outraged countenance toward him. "Why didn't you ring?"

"Ring?" protested Johnny, indignantly, and swallowed hard. "You said you'd leave the latch up so that I could come right in. How did I know——"

"I'd forgotten!" said she.

Wynne, no less surprised than Johnny, recovered more quickly. She was playing with fire. Very well—he'd give her a lesson.

"You're just in time to wish me luck, Johnny," said he, drawing her closer. "Prue has just promised to marry me."

"What?" gasped Johnny.

But Prue remained—herself.

"I couldn't help it, Johnny," she murmured. "He's a—regular cave man."

"I—perhaps I had better go!" sputtered Johnny.

"Stick around," suggested Wynne, cordially. "Prue and I owe you a debt of gratitude. It was you who brought us together, you know."

"Do not thank me," said Johnny. "Thank——"

"It all happened so suddenly," Prue broke in, swiftly, "that he didn't even have my ring ready. Do you know where we can find one tonight—a great big, gorgeous diamond——"

"Please come with us," she pressed. "We want you to share our happiness, don't we, Dicky? I'm so happy that I love everybody tonight."

And that she proved by kissing Johnny—which Wynne somehow considered carrying a joke too far.

TOGETHER the three went to a Russian restaurant far uptown. There again, the ultimate atmosphere had been achieved. The decorations were by a noted Russian painter, the food was exquisite, and the music almost miraculous. At eight, a chorus sang with a sort of fiery wistfulness.

"I'll miss all this," said Prue to Wynne. "You'll have to be awfully nice to make up for it."

"I wonder," he suggested, lightly, to Johnny, "if I dare take her with me. The tropics are hard enough on a man; to a woman they are merciless. Think," he suggested, exposing the hand she had confided to him, "of cockroaches nibbling the nails of these pretty fingers."

"Isn't he awful?" Prue demanded of Johnny. "I do believe the man is trying to get rid of me so soon. Just for that I'll dance with you, Johnny."

Prue and Johnny danced. Wynne's eyes followed them. She played her part expertly.

"There must," Wynne mused, "be a little of early American Indian in every girl. They all love to torture their victims."

And Johnny writhed visibly, until at midnight Prue said that she was tired and he was permitted to escape. Wynne summoned a taxi. She seemed tired, her eyes were closed.

"Do you really want Johnny?" he demand-

"That," said she, "settles it absolutely. Please go."

d, a little surprised himself at the abruptness f the question.

"You appear as if you didn't approve of im!"

"I didn't mean it that way. I merely won- ered—if you hadn't overplayed your hand a tle."

"You know as little about your sex as you of mine. Johnny would rather marry me mself than see you get me."

"Am I to understand that a proposal al- ays requires so much maneuvering? I had idea——"

"Suppose," Prue cut in, "that you happened to fall in love here in New York. What would you do?"

"Take the next boat back to the tropics!" he assured her, promptly.

"Why?"

"Marriage has never entered into my plans. It doesn't fit——"

"Exactly. It seldom does with a man—not until a woman makes him want her more than anything else. In man it's always an acquired taste. Even the less desirable are content with love until a woman prods them toward marriage. The most desirable want something more important. They look up the next boat. Lochinvar rides the other way nowadays, unless a girl keeps her eye on him."

"And a woman? I thought the feminine trend nowadays was toward a career——"

"Listen, my child. Some women want any man. Others want a particular man. Even the one who doesn't want any man will feel the temptation to make some man want her—just to prove to the world that she could!"

"You have destroyed all my young illusions!" he protested. And, as the taxi paused, he added, "Here we are."

As they stood just within the entrance hall he said:

"The play is ended. Did it come up to your expectations?"

"How can one tell—with a man. But you"—she glanced up at him—"did very nicely. Is there any reward I can offer you?"

The inference was as plain as her uplifted face was—not! But as he caught at her she laughed and her lips evaded his.

"I just wanted to see if you would!" she jibed. "Even *you* aren't so darned invulnerable after all, are you?"

From within she called back:

"Drop in and see me before you sail—if you have time. I'll give you the latest bulletin on Johnny. I'll bet anything he'll be around the first thing in the morning assuring me that he can't bear the thought of cockroaches nibbling my pretty nails and ready to do anything—even marry me—to save me."

AS he walked up Fifth Avenue toward his club Wynne wasn't so sure but what he would do well to sail on the next boat after all. The episode in the doorway had startled him. And if he had learned one thing through his adventurous years it is that discretion is ever the better part of valor.

And as it happened the matter which had brought him to New York was settled as he had hoped it would be, within a few hours.

"When will you sail?" asked Johnny's father when the more important details had been disposed of.

"Monday noon," answered Wynne.

"You're losing no time," approved the older man, and, selecting a cigar for himself, offered Wynne one. Then he added, "I wish that I were thirty again—and in your shoes!"

The windows of the elder Somes' luxurious office overlooked the river, and toward this his eyes went. But Wynne suspected that his vision was actually turned inward and that he saw not the wind fretted, craft harassed stretch of blue, but something they both had in mind—for Johnny's father, back in the be-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

ginning has been a supercargo in the Caribbean.

"It's a funny world," Somes mused broodingly, yet wistfully. "Take Johnny, for instance. New York satisfies him. He's absolutely happy doing nothing."

To that Wynne made no answer. Apparently none was expected.

"Nowadays," Somes continued, "young men would rather play golf in what we used to call bloomers than work. A career doesn't interest them. And yet—it's damned funny when you come to think of it—you can't seem to interest a girl in anything else. There's Pryce's daughter—you know her, of course."

Pryce was one of the directors, but Wynne had not, he said, met Miss Pryce.

"She's full of this economic independence stuff—refuses to let Pryce support her and all that," explained Somes. "Pryce raves because she works for an advertising agency, and I rave—or I used to—because Johnny refuses to work anywhere." He paused and looked puzzled. "But I had an idea that you knew each other—had met down in the tropics."

"In the tropics?" Wynne searched his memory and then shook his head.

"Funny. We needed a man and Pryce suggested your name. He repeated a lot of stuff he said Prue had told him about you——"

"Prue!" gasped Wynne.

Before he had recovered, Somes' secretary came in to announce a visitor.

"I'll expect to see you before you sail," said Somes, as Wynne withdrew.

WITHIN a few minutes Wynne was speeding in a taxi to an apartment near Washington Square. In the entrance of the apartment house in which Prue lived, he stared at a visiting card over a push button. It read:

MISS PRUDENCE PRYCE.

Miraculously enough, he found Prue at home.

"I'm tired today, so I came home early," she explained, and there were, he noted, little lilac shadows under her eyes. "Come you in war or come you in peace, young Lochinvar?"

"I have just discovered," replied Wynne very stiffly, "that I owe you thanks for bringing me to the attention of Johnny's father——"

"So that's it," said she softly. "But you needn't thank me. Thank your romantic background. You looked so horribly fascinating that night I saw you in Panama——"

"In Panama?"

"You haven't lived so much with parrots that you've caught their habit of repeating everything, have you?"

"When did you see me in Panama?" he persisted.

"The time you didn't see me! You were checking out at the Tivoli. They said you had lost a quarter of a million on an ice making scheme that just failed to come through. You were the nearest approach to the soldier of fortune type I had ever seen—do you wonder you made an enormous impression on my young and plastic mind? Or that I press agented you to father?"

"You do like to amuse yourself at my expense," Wynne commented.

"O, I'll admit that I hoped you might prove amusing and perhaps as interesting as you looked, and that if so, you would, at the very least, propose to me. It's always done in fiction—but truth is stranger than fiction after all. You refuse plainly to propose—and I'm a chastened woman!"

They had stood through all this; she had not asked him to be seated. As she faced him, mocking and maddening, defiant yet ever so desirable, a curious thing happened.

Once, in Costa Rica, he had all but succumbed to malaria and the symptoms—a curious shivering weakness—had proved memorable. Now, confronting Prue, he felt almost exactly the same way.

"Prue!" he began and stopped short.

"You need a self-starter. Are you asking me to marry you, after all?" she asked.

"No," he said, stubbornly, fighting against the fever that possessed him so strangely just as he had fought off the malaria. "I can't."

"The tropics are no place for a woman," she remarked. "Is that what's in your mind? Fiddlesticks! I think seventy per cent of your fascination for me was a picture of a Cynthia Stockley existence, with me wearing breeches and a cork hat!"

"You haven't any idea. And—we hardly know each other——"

"Good Lord! You aren't going to start off on *that* tack, are you?"

"It's true," said he stubbornly.

"That," said she, "settles it! Absolutely. Please go!" As he hesitated she stamped her foot. "This minute, please!"

No one could doubt but that she was angry, furiously so. And suddenly Wynne became as angry. He left her without another word, although the apartment's outer door closed with a bang which was almost vocal.

FROM her window Prue saw Wynne emerge into the street and lose himself in the dusk. Apparently her anger had passed for as she turned back toward the living room the dimple at the corner of her mouth appeared.

"I suspect," she mused, "that I'm every bit as outrageous as father claims—but think of all the fun I have. He'll have a horrible night"—this did not refer to her father—"but he'll come back."

But Wynne had no such intention. As he crossed Washington Square he was as oblivious to his surroundings as a man moving through the ruins of a deserted city.

He had been mocked, flouted, led on, and made ridiculous. He never wanted to see Prue again. Of that he was sure. He reminded himself so again and again, and the better to achieve that desirable end he determinedly gave Washington Square and its environs a wide berth.

A wide berth, that is, until the Sunday before he sailed. At four o'clock he found himself pressing the button under her card without fully realizing what he was doing. He shook and shivered.

Perhaps this strange fever—worse than malaria—was developing.

She wasn't home. That settled it.

Yet it was only four. He wandered through the village. At six he pressed the button again. There was still no response. He went over to a noted hotel nearby and sat apart from the colorful life there to dine on dust and ashes. Then he again returned to Prue's address, but this time he paused on the opposite curb to struggle with the symptoms which shook him.

As he stood there a taxi approached. He quickened. It was Prue—Prue and somebody else. Johnny? He did not wait to see.

"That," he assured himself, "settles it absolutely."

At noon the next day he said good-by to Johnny's father, who had come down to the pier to see him off—a tribute which should have stirred him deeply but which did not.

"Glad to be off?" Somes had asked, and Wynne had said he was.

Yet after the steamship had gotten under way he stood at the rail and looked back at the city until the skyscrapers merged into the April mist.

WHEN quarantine had been passed, Wynne went tardily below for lunch. The other passengers had almost all finished. The captain's table, to which he found himself assigned, was deserted save for one.

"Prue!" he gasped.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that even on shipboard certain conventions should be recognized. And until we get better acquainted I *must* ask you to call me Miss Pryce. Please sit down—before you fall down."

"I had no idea you were sailing——"

"When you know me better, you'll realize that I'm wholly a creature of impulse. I only decided this morning. And that reminds me, I must send father a wireless. I didn't dare tell him I was coming. He might have thought I was pursuing you—men are so funny that way!"

Wynne flushed under his tan.

"I know better than that," said he, stiffly.

Ever so briefly the dimple at the corner of her mouth danced forth in all its loveliness.

"That relieves me," said she, "but I think I'd better prove it."

And she did. It was not until the night before the steamer reached Kingston and the fever which is worse than malaria had left him almost pitiable that she acknowledged her love—but not without reminding him of certain incidents.

"I may have chased you at first," she said, "but I've led you an awful chase the last four days, haven't I?"

"You have," Wynne assured her, with emphasis. "But when did you ever chase me?"

"That is kind of you, but let's not, as they say, begin our married life—we'll soon be married, dear—with a lie. I made Johnny bring you along that first night, and it was I who telephoned to you that Mr. Somes would meet you at the Ritz at five that afternoon. But I didn't chase you down here. I knew you wanted me. I saw you across the street that last night in New York. Why didn't you come up?"

"You had somebody with you——"

"Johnny," she admitted. "When you didn't come up I sent him down to get you—but you had gone. Am I not awful?"

"Awfully nice," said he. "Poor Johnny——"

"O, he'll recover. He's always in love, but it's always a light case with him. I don't believe he was really in love with me."

"I'd like to see the man who could help loving you!"

"Thanks, awfully! What I wanted to see was a man that I couldn't help loving. I didn't know whether you'd be it—but you are! Which reminds me, I suppose I ought to wire father even if I am of age and then some!"

"Do you think he'll—object?"

"Object? He'll wire back, 'May heaven bless you—and preserve your husband.' He has no illusions about me—but you have, haven't you?"

Wynne drew her a fraction of an inch closer—all that was possible.

"You darling," said he, huskily. "I'll try to make you happy."

Prue lifted her face toward his.

"I'll say," Prue assured him, huskily, to "that you're making an—an awfully good start!"

THE END

BEHOLD *THIS* WOMAN!

A Movie Review

By FRANCES PECK

Ever see a woman hater at work? Here's your chance!

BEHOLD THIS WOMAN!

Produced by Vitagraph

Directed by J. Stuart Blackton

THE CAST

Louise Maurel.....Irene Rich
Sophie....Marguerite de la Motte
John Strangeway.....Charles Post
Eugene de Seyre.....Harry Myers
Calavera.....Rosemary Theby
Stephen Strangeway.....
.....Anders Randolph

GOOD title—Behold This Woman! Makes you ask strange questions. Right away you want to know who the lady is and what may her story be that you are ordered so peremptorily to "behold" her.

Being here today for the express purpose of gratifying your curiosity—learn about Louise Maurel from me:

An actress, she, from Hollywood. Her motor it broke down, far, far from any city, far away from any town.

The lady, on the brink of tears, knew not which way to turn. She and the chauffeur did consult in accents of concern.

Just then a man came riding, and when she told her plight said that his house was near there if she cared to spend the night. Most graciously she nodded then, and went with John Strangeway to where he and his brother lived. Two men alone were they.

For Johnnie's brother, Stephen, a woman hater, proved. (He'd likely had a rotten deal from somebody he loved.)

He glowered upon Miss Maurel but, alas, he glowered too late, for both John and the lady knew their meeting had been fate!

Well, she goes back to Hollywood and John follows her there and bumps into some things he thinks have killed his love for fair. He tries desp'r't'ly to forget and desperately doth act; but golly how he loves Louise! No getting by that fact.

Bro. Stephen intervenes—no good! Though he creates a fuss, he helpeth not poor Brother John. The poor unhappy cuss! At last—back home the brothers go. Louise follows them there. The dove of peace descends in time to make the ending fair.

All roles are played with much eclát. The fillum's well directed. The sets and scenery are good. The story? Well selected!

So when Miss Rich as Miss Maurel comes to your neighborhood, go spend your centimes on her show. I really think you should.

FANS' SAY SO

Come right out and tell the world!

Dear Miss Peck: I emphatically agree with Well of Curiosity in regard to costume pictures. They are a frightful bore with dubious plots, if any, and, most amusing, they are not even typical of the period in which the story might have been laid. As comparison—no more so than, they call them orgies, in Fifth Avenue mansions or booze parties in the late lamented supper clubs in Broadway will be typical of this period and this country. That is, not so long as we have honest men to boil the tea.

Another thing, the people in them could scarcely be termed gracious, for though we may be more civilized, their manners were less barbarous. I rave, au revoir, Chili.

Dear Miss Peck: I'm getting ever so interested in your movie page. I don't know just why, because before I never seemed to care about the movies. Now, every week I can hardly wait to buy Liberty—just to see what you are going to say. I wish you all good luck, and if you need an assistant please page me.

Emily D., Green Bay, Wis.

Editor's Note: Thank you, Emily D. It'll be fun writing for you. And I'll remember whom to page when help is needed.

* * *

Dear Miss Peck: Is it really as hard to get into the movies as everybody says? I'm good looking—don't laugh, I have a mirror—and I am intelligent. Then I know quite a lot about makeup, etc., because I've read every line I could get hold of on the subject. Don't you suppose there's a vacant corner somewhere in Hollywood that could use me?

Genevieve L., Chicago.

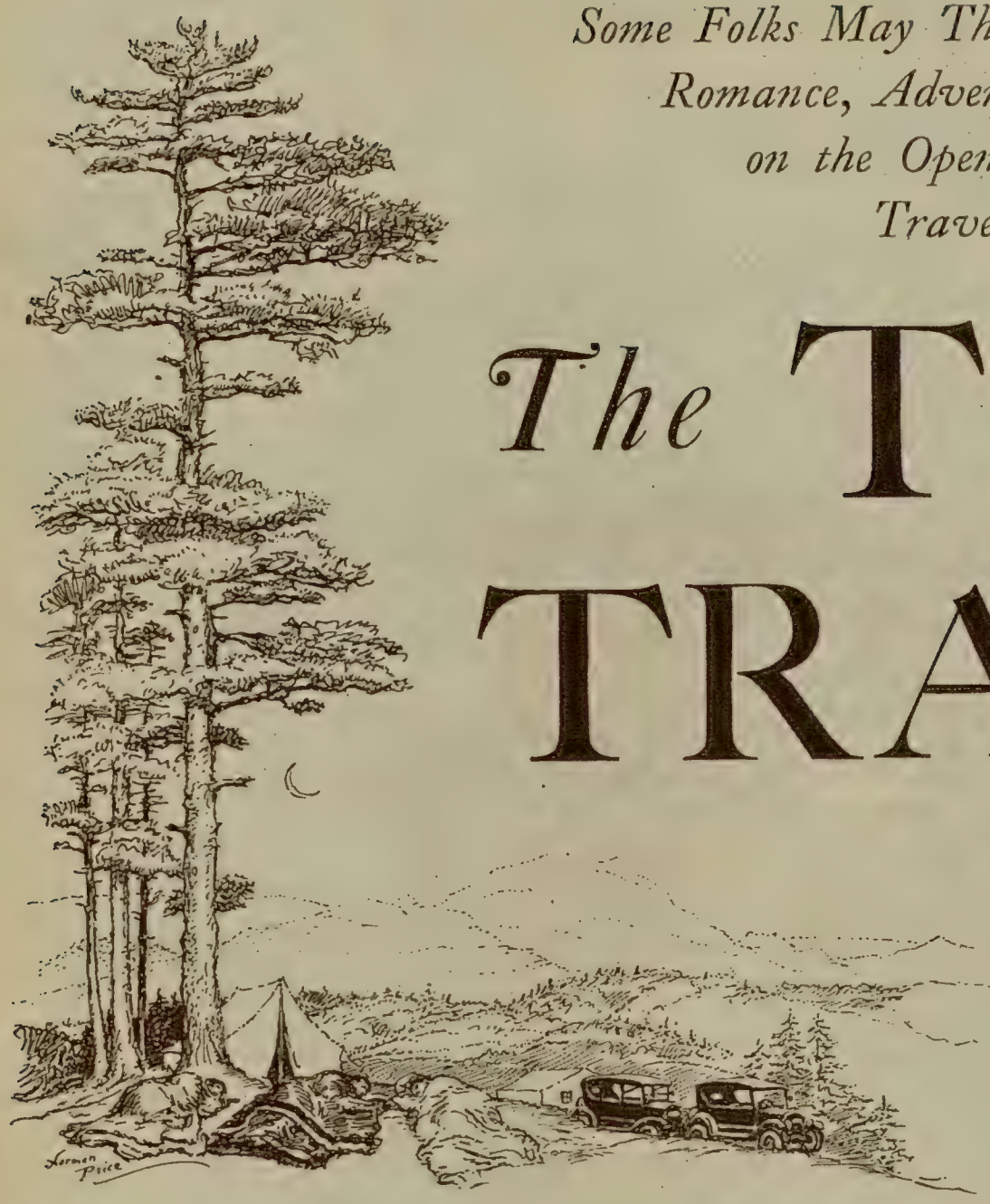
Editor's Note: There may be such a corner—but finding it would be hard. Send me a stamped, self addressed envelope, Genevieve. I've a word for your ear alone. (Eye rather.)

NEXT WEEK—The Sea Hawk, with Moorish pirates, Spanish galleons, and everything!

CORINNE GRIFFITH,
Luxurious and Fragile as an Orchid

A Study in Contrasts

POLA NEGRI,
the Movies' Red, Red Rose, and –



Some Folks May Think the Motor Camper a Pest, but Here Are the Romance, Adventure, Health, and Happiness to Be Found on the Open Road, Described by a Man Who Has Traveled 250,000 Miles in an Auto

The TIN CAN TRAIL

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

THERE should be at least one time in the life of every writing person when he is strongly founded in his subject. Therefore, it is with a deep, abiding satisfaction that these lines are set down, because it is not going too far for the writer to announce that, among all men who have never embarked upon a motor camping expedition, he is a reliable authority.

He is filled with facts. On one hand he has heard motor campers and motor camping denounced in clangorous terms. Again he has been the office guest of a man who has done no fewer than two hundred and fifty thousand miles in automobiles—every mile a happy line in an epic of joy.

For a man who has never ridden more than forty miles in any motor vehicle except taxicabs and motor trucks, and who has never had a symptom of yearning for the loneliness of the great open spaces, where men sleep in the arms of Mother Earth, counterpaned by the star-spangled heavens and accordingly impregnated with many queer germs, the writer is remarkably well prepared to write or even lecture upon the subject now engrossing many thousands of automobile owners.

He has not decided whether he will purchase a motor car, a trailer, tents, skillets, blankets, quinine, first aid brochures and accident insurance and hit the Tin Can Trail, as Dr. Charles G. Percival of Hackensack, New Jersey, has done for fifteen years, or view with alarm the ever increasing army of tin can tourists, as O. M. Wells, chief roadman for the Automobile Club of America, does.

Dr. Percival makes better listening than Mr. Wells. And Mr. Wells, who would as soon rob a bank as he would encourage automobile camping, appears to be quite as healthy as Dr. Percival, who scoffs at the sedentary worker, saying he who lacks the spirit of wanderlust could find as much poetic beauty in a railroad timetable as in Byron.

Mr. Wells would not forbid motor camping. He believes that you and I have, unfortunately, the privilege of going hither and yon in our motor cars, stopping here and resting yonder. But he would have such peregrinations regulated by law.

However, the fact that the number of motor campers increases every year throws the argument Dr. Percival's way. After the doctor had made a number of trial trips—mere jaunts of five, ten and fifteen hundred miles—he set forth on July 31, 1910, and before coming to rest had covered fifty thousand miles of the United States, Mexico and Alaska. And no one mile saw him twice.

Now that was quite a trip. The doctor didn't sleep out every night during that pilgrimage. There were nights when even a fish would have rebelled and gone back home. And there were other nights when a polar bear would have put on a fleece-lined union suit. But whenever feasible the doctor actually hit the actual unmowed hay.

Since then Dr. Percival has taken up motor camping as one takes up stamp collecting or spiritualism or botany or politics. He made a study of this subject. He devoted time to routes and equipment, and if you have any intention of becoming a motor camper you would do well to devote much time and thought to equipment. The doctor has a code of rules and one of them has to do with equipment.

"Leave everything at home you can possibly

"You'll find the crooks under roofs."

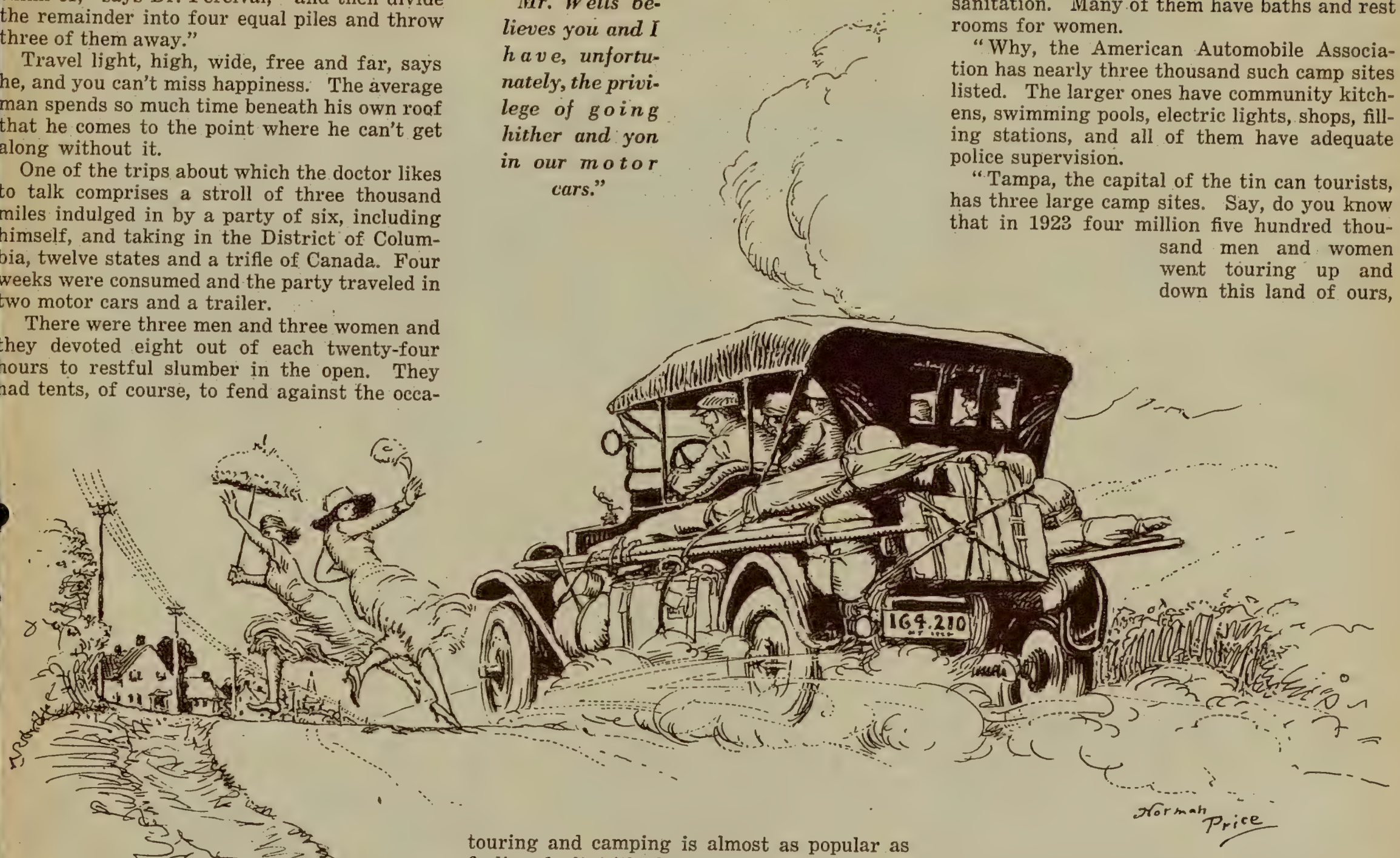
think of," says Dr. Percival, "and then divide the remainder into four equal piles and throw three of them away."

Travel light, high, wide, free and far, says he, and you can't miss happiness. The average man spends so much time beneath his own roof that he comes to the point where he can't get along without it.

One of the trips about which the doctor likes to talk comprises a stroll of three thousand miles indulged in by a party of six, including himself, and taking in the District of Columbia, twelve states and a trifle of Canada. Four weeks were consumed and the party traveled in two motor cars and a trailer.

There were three men and three women and they devoted eight out of each twenty-four hours to restful slumber in the open. They had tents, of course, to fend against the occa-

"Mr. Wells believes you and I have, unfortunately, the privilege of going hither and yon in our motor cars."



ional rain and the too enthusiastic dew, but t the end of the trip they had lost two cases f incorrigible liver, one hacking cough, and what one of them had fondly believed to be hronic insomnia.

"How much did it cost the party?" I asked im.

"We were out twenty-eight days," said the octor. "We traveled three thousand miles. he whole thing cost us two hundred and forty ollars. That means forty dollars apiece. Beat hat if you can.

"BUT that little spin of three thousand miles was a mere warm-up. It rounded out for he three tours in which I had done one hunred and forty-three thousand miles with an ld trailer which was quite as good as new fterward. All that we had to buy for the railer during those one hundred and forty-hree thousand miles were an extra set of heels and a pot of paint.

"Of course, I wouldn't advise the person tarting out upon a career of motor camping o knock off fifty thousand miles at first. I'm ather a veteran. I've been an active partici-ant in two wars—ruckus in Cuba and the ore ambitious free-for-all in Europe—and sides, I've made eight round trips between ew York and San Francisco.

"Also, I've driven my hobo motor from Mex-o City to Fairbanks, Alaska—above the rctic Circle—on one wandering. I've seen enery. I'm one of the pioneers of the Tin an Trail. I've meandered. Today motor car touring and camping is almost as popular as finding fault with the government.

"Why, do you know that a million motor car tourists made California their objective last year—and actually arrived there? That meant about two hundred and thirty-four thousand cars. This is a great big subject, my boy, and if you'll wait until I get warmed up you'll hear it discussed."

"Mr. Wells, of the Automobile Club of America, says that you motor car tourists are, as a class, darned nuisances," I reminded him.

"MR. WELLS is an estimable man," replied the doctor. "I am very fond of Wells, fond enough to argue with him. I love Mr. Wells for his human qualities, and who does not know that to err is human?"

"He says——"

"Never mind," interrupted the doctor, "I've heard it. Pay no attention to Mr. Wells. Listen to me. Do you know that every eighth person in the United States drives a motor car? No? Well, it's so. Moreover, every hundredth motorist is an automobile tourist and camper. What do you think of that?

"There are about fifteen million motor vehicles owned by us Americans, and no matter what sort of an education you have, you can arrive quickly at the conclusion that there are, therefore, at least one hundred and fifty thousand motor cars in this country participating in motor camping in various forms."

"Those are about all the figures I'll need," I said.

"I was just trying to show you that Mr. Wells does not talk for as many folks as I do. Twenty-five hundred cities and towns and villages have seen fit to lay out camping grounds for tin can tourists. Get Mr. Wells to answer you that. And these camp grounds are well equipped with water, fireplaces and proper sanitation. Many of them have baths and rest rooms for women.

"Why, the American Automobile Association has nearly three thousand such camp sites listed. The larger ones have community kitchens, swimming pools, electric lights, shops, filling stations, and all of them have adequate police supervision.

"Tampa, the capital of the tin can tourists, has three large camp sites. Say, do you know that in 1923 four million five hundred thousand men and women went touring up and down this land of ours, scattering five and a half million dollars as they rolled?

"And do you know that nearly half of them spent at least a part of the time camping by the roadside? If you'll listen to me I'll shoot you dead with statistics."

"Better quit," I reminded him. "I'm getting a bit mixed already."

"Well, you might as well know that motor camping is a pretty popular pastime and that Mr. Wells, fine man that he is, must be prejudiced or something. Gosh, the things I could tell you about motor camping!

"You see some weird, not to say wonderful sights. I remember one tin can tourist who had assembled his own car from his favorite parts of the Ford, Chevrolet and the Overland. As a result he had seven speeds and seven original features which he said he was going to patent if he ever stayed in one place long enough. He was sixty years old and as fit as a pugilist. He had been on the road three years.

"'Thinking of quitting the road?' I asked him.

"'Stranger,' he replied, 'I don't reckon there's a house that would hold me no more.'

"'What business do you follow?'

"'In my innocent youth,' he said, 'I was a farmer. After that I ran a grocery for a spell. Today, stranger, you behold in me a chiropractor and a gentleman.'

"AT Conneaut, Ohio, I came across two lads in one of the most vehement flivvers that ever followed a set of ruts. They told me that they were from Santa Barbara, California, and that they were bound for Cambridge, Massachusetts, where they were to enter Harvard Law School.

"'When do you expect to arrive?' I asked.

"'If the chariot is reasonable,' said one of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

them, 'we ought to be in Boston in two weeks.'

"'It is our hope,' said the other, 'that Lizzie disintegrates the moment after we reach the gates of the far-famed Harvard yard. Think of the dramatic effect of arriving in a heap of debris—unarticulated debris, that is to say.'

"At Cleveland I met an engineer who had been on the road for nearly a year. His system was to stop wherever he could get a job, and move on when he had a little money. He had taken to the highways because his wife was by way of becoming an invalid. The cure was complete. I have seldom seen a finer, healthier woman.

"A little farther west I came across a small caravan consisting of a man, his wife, four children and two servants—one man and one woman. They had a rolling palace, about twenty-eight feet long and twenty wide. This man owned a string of race horses.

"He was no horse gyp. His horses were good and he won nice purses.

"'Of course,' he explained, 'you might take me for a horse rustler or a gyp or something mean, but I'm not. We are playing the country fairs and the inland tracks. I like this sort of life and my children adore it. Of course, I ship my horses by railroad.'

"And then there were Jesse and Jerry, two old boys who were living in a small truck which had a paneled delivery body. They went about establishing agencies for a gasoline economizer for flivvers, and they told me that they had done seventy-five hundred miles in three months.

"Once I came upon a seven-passenger with a trailer. The owner was a big Texan—a monument of a man. The big car was a locomotive for power. The trailer was one of the largest I had ever seen. At first I saw nobody but this one tall man.

"'Got the family with you?' I asked.

"'Family?' he roared. 'Wait a minute.'

"They came out. His wife and seven kids—step-like in their sizes. The youngest was four and the oldest twelve. There were also two bulldogs, two cats, two canary birds, and two parrots. This man was the owner of three ranches in the Panhandle country.

"'We do this every summer,' he said. 'We are on the road for three months every year. All we get out of it is fun and health.'

"I could go on like this for several days," concluded Dr. Percival. "I'm a nut on this camping business. I suppose Wells is saying that there are a lot of no-goods rolling up and down the road in this great tin can army. Well, maybe, there are a few bad ones.

"But, believe me, son, they form a microscopic minority. A man can't be consistently bad when he's full of fresh air and health. You'll find the crooks under roofs. Crime is as much a pathological thing as it is psychological. That's a pretty strong statement, and maybe I'm going a little too far, but you won't find crime so prevalent where health abounds. Crime flourishes in steam heat, but is killed by sunlight and fresh air."

MR. WELLS refused to be enthused by Dr. Percival's glowing tribute to life on the broad highway.

"I may say, in return," said Mr. Wells, "that I'm very fond of Dr. Percival, but I cannot subscribe to his views.

"The motor camper is a vandal. He visits destruction upon our picturesque and historical highways. By the looks of the individual parties touring our roads loaded down with tents, cooking utensils and tent poles, it seems as if fifty per cent of our tourists have become gypsies.

"Understand, I do not mean to condemn all campers as undesirable, but I think that the habit of motor camping should be discouraged until it is under proper regulation by law. Many campers think nothing of stealing as they roll. I incline to the opinion that ninety per cent of those using public camp sites not only abuse the privilege, but leave the camp in a condition which would offend a well-trained dog.

"The motor camper destroys property, pollutes streams and leaves behind him conditions which breed disease. Many of them have no regard for the game laws. And another menace is the camper's disregard for the fire laws. Many forest fires are traceable to campers.

"And now the motor car thief and the bootlegger have taken refuge in the army of campers, not to mention the gas grafter and the ride hooker. Never heard of these gentlemen?

"Well, the gas grafter abounds upon the broad highway. He'll stop you between filling stations and beg one little gallon of gasoline. He is stranded. He needs but a gallon to get him to the next station. Naturally you let him have it. And does he have his tank filled when he gets to the next station? He does not. He begs another gallon from the next motorist.

"And the hooker is the man who has a long pole with a hook at the far end. He couples himself to the passing trailer or truck and, shutting off his own gas, lets you pull him along. Naturally he doesn't get away with this as easily as the gas grafter does, but he's a symptom of the highway ills that the motor camper breeds.

"I hate to seem bitter, but——"

I hurried back to Dr. Percival.

"O shucks," cried Dr. Percival. "Wells is a fine fellow, but he ought to get out in the air more. He ought to get out of the habit of sleeping in a stuffy bedroom all year 'round."

And there you have it.

THE END

"Family?" he roared. "Wait a minute." They came out—his wife and seven kids.

A Short Story Dealing with the Mystery of Two Locked Doors on a Boat—Behind One a Prisoner, Behind the Other a Murdered Man

The CALICO CAT

By
BEN AMES WILLIAMS

"It is a cat," he agreed. "Dead."

Pictures by LEJAREN HILLER

JIM TENNEY was one of those physicians so fortunate as to be able to take a vacation; he was a Röntgenologist attached to one of the big Boston hospitals, and he managed a month every summer on one of the islands in Penobscot Bay. The bay is full of islands, some of them large, and some small; and on some of them many summer folk dwell, while on others nobody lives.

The Tenneys were companionable folk, and it was unusual for them to be alone. Friends came for a day or a week or a fortnight, leaving Rockland on the little island steamer and landing from it at one of the more populous islands, where Tenney met them in a tubby old gray motorboat with a one cylinder engine.

Last summer the McKeys came to visit the Tenneys for a week or ten days. McKey was a man a few years younger than the doctor, and a keen admirer of Jim Tenney's professional abilities. He was not talkative—was apt to be silent for hours on end; but Tenney did not mind silences, and the two men got on well together.

THE fact that Tenney was a doctor was sufficiently well known among the neighboring islands. Some of the natives, lobster fishermen or weir men, occasionally appealed to him for advice when minor ills attacked them. Tenney took a certain pride in this summer practice; he charged no fees, but he was always ready to discuss their ailments with these folk, and to advise or help them if he could.

One afternoon Malley, the lobster man, told him that on an island seven or eight miles to the southward there was a woman suffering from a painful growth in her side.

"She's Dave Wall's wife," he explained. "I see Dave when I was pulling my pots; and I 'lowed you might run down and see her tomorrow some time."

Tenney promised he would go. He judged from Malley's description that the woman's trouble was severe; probably cancer. In such cases it was his practice to advise these people to go to the hospital; but McKey had not seen that part of the bay, and as it was worth seeing Tenney decided to run down among the islands next morning and talk with Mrs. Wall himself.

The Tenney household rose early, as a matter of habit; so that it was not yet eight o'clock when the doctor and McKey rowed out to the motorboat.

Tenney swung her bow out around the point, and they headed southeasterly toward the island Malley had described to them.

They had been some forty minutes on their way when they sighted the dead cat. McKey was the first to discover it, perhaps two hundred yards away.

He asked, "What's that on the log, Jim?"

Tenney looked where his friend pointed, narrowed his eyes to see the better, and at last took his glass from a cubby under the seat.

"It looks like a cat," he said, in his slow tones, and swung the bow of the motorboat that way.

While they drew nearer McKey watched through the glass. When they had nearly covered the distance he nodded in confirmation.

"It is a cat," he agreed. "Dead."

"It's mighty seldom a cat gets drowned," Tenney argued mildly. "We'll take a look at her."

When they came alongside McKey caught the end of the log with the boat hook and Tenney stopped the engine. The log had been a railroad tie; they could see the notches where the rails had been set.

The cat lay across this log as though she had had barely strength to crawl upon it. Her right hind leg dragged in the water and the left was curled under her body in a last pitiful effort to climb higher.

She was, they saw at a glance, a cat of no antecedents; her prevailing color was white, but there was a large splotch of black across her hips and one flank, and her head was almost entirely black, as well as her paws. She was wet and draggled and lean, and they perceived that even in life she had been scrawny and uncleanly; yet there was something wistful in her posture, and both men were moved with pity.

"WONDER how she fell in," McKey remarked.

"Did someone try to drown her?" Tenney asked. "Is there a string around her neck?"

McKey shook his head.

"She probably fell off a boat," he suggested in a matter of fact tone, but Tenney replied:

"Cats don't fall off boats. She may have been fishing from a rock and a wave caught her; but I never saw a cat fishing along the shore around here."

They fell silent, and McKey with the end of the boat hook gently thrust the body off into the water.

A mile or two below where Tenney and McKey had seen the cat they rounded the point of one of the uninhabited islands and opened up a sheltered, sandy cove. Well within this cove, and already close at hand, a sloop lay at anchor.

They came upon it abruptly, and both men looked at the craft with some interest. It

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

was of the same type as the fishing sloops, heavy and solid, yet it was painted white and showed evidences of seamanly care.

No one was visible upon the decks of the craft. At a distance of a hundred yards McKey made out its name and read aloud: "The White Seal, Boston."

"That's Walder Gorgan's boat," Tenney said. "I saw her up here two years ago, but I'd forgotten her. He lives on her all the time. Moves up and down the coast according to the season. Florida in winter, and all that."

"I never heard of him," McKey replied.

"A sort of recluse," the doctor told him. "They say he never goes ashore. I've seen him from a distance; but he always goes below decks if you draw near. The fishermen all know him. You can imagine the way they'd talk about such a chap. But he's harmless enough, as far as I ever heard. I suppose he laid up here for shelter last night, or for a swim on the beach there."

He swung the motorboat's nose toward the open bay, and they passed near the white sloop. As they did so McKey held up his hand.

"Listen, Jim," he exclaimed.

Tenney had heard nothing; he asked in surprise: "What's the matter?"

"Someone yelled," McKey replied, eyes on the sloop.

"I can't hear anything with this engine going," Tenney told him. "But we'll see."

He made a circle and came back nearer the anchored vessel. Both men were silent, listening; and this time there could be no doubt. They heard muffled cries, and the sound of heavy blows on wood.

Tenney slid in along the sloop's flank, shutting off the engine. McKey caught hold with the boat hook and they came to rest against her heavy planking.

As soon as the engine was still they heard the cries more plainly; and Tenney now called:

"Just a minute, friend. We're coming aboard."

Their motorboat was almost as high out of the water as the sloop's deck; they stepped easily aboard, and Tenney made fast his painter astern. When he rejoined McKey the latter was bending over the forecastle scuttle; he turned his head to say to the doctor, "Somebody's locked inside!"

THE outcries had ceased when they came aboard; they spoke now in lowered voices, as though the silence of the motorboat's engine had imposed a like silence upon them.

Before McKey opened the scuttle Tenney had time to see the manner in which it was secured. There were really three coverings, or doors. Two of these, set perpendicularly, lapped over each other; a staple fastened to one of them penetrated the other.

The sliding horizontal door had on its end a hinged hasp which came down and fitted over this staple; and through the staple a stout sliver of firewood had been thrust. There was more firewood stacked along the deck against the raised after end of the forecastle, and a few pieces littered the deck. McKey pulled out the stick which held the hasp and shoved back the scuttle and they looked down into the pale face of a man.

This man was in his undershirt and trousers and his feet were bare, as were his arms below the elbow. His hair was coarse and tawny and his skin had a rough golden tone from long contact with the harsh winds which scour the open sea.

He did not speak at once, stared up at them as they stared down at him, till Doctor Tenney asked:

"What's the matter? What are you locked in for?"

The man hesitated for a moment, and when he answered his voice had a hoarse, croaking sound as though it lacked use.

"Somebody done it," he replied stupidly.

Tenney smiled. "We saw that much." The man climbed out on the deck and faced them. "Who would do it?" the doctor asked.

The man shook his head. "I dunno. Less'n he did."

"Mr. Gorgan, you mean?"

THE man's eyes—they were pale blue, as his skin was pale beneath the bronze — met theirs with a flicker of surprise. He said reluctantly, "Yes, him."

"Where is he?" Tenney asked, looking along the deck. A few feet away the hatch above the main hold broke the even deck surface; and he saw that it had been refashioned, and a sliding scuttle built into it. This was fastened as had been the other door.

"Does he sleep down there?" he inquired, and when the pale man nodded, he said quickly, "He's locked in, too."

"Still asleep, I reckon," the man said dully.

"He couldn't have locked you in," Tenney remarked thoughtfully. "Somebody else has been aboard. Did you hear anyone?"

The man shook his head. McKey said briefly, "He won't thank us for waking him."

The doctor hesitated as he replied, "Maybe not. But I think I will, just the same. I think it would be wiser to wake him." He looked at the man they had released. "What do you think?" he asked.

"He ain't one to sleep late," the man agreed. With no further word Tenney knelt and knocked sharply on the deck; and, when he had no answer, knocked again; then drew out the bit of wood that held the hasp, and slid back the scuttle, and on his knees, with his hands on the edges of the opening, peered down into the gloomy interior.

McKey heard his low and startled exclamation, then Tenney dropped down the ladder into the cabin; and McKey took his place above and would have followed him. He saw the body of a man lying on his face on the floor, as Tenney said quickly:

"You stay on deck, old man."

McKey obeyed without comment, sitting with his legs dangling above the ladder. From this position he could see what Tenney was about; and the man they had rescued also stooped to look down into the cabin below. Tenney lifted his head for a moment to say: "He's dead!" Then he continued his examination.

McKey could not be sure of details; but he caught glimpses of an orderly cabin, and he saw a bunk at one side with a dark stain across the pillow at its head. The body lay on the floor beside the bunk, face down, and the scrubbed boards of the floor were stained beneath the dead man's head.

The dead man wore pajamas; his hair was iron gray, and his body was small and withered as with age. This was all that McKey could see with certainty. He had a professional interest in the situation, but was willing to leave it in Tenney's hands.

He saw Tenney rise and stand above the body; saw him look attentively at a spot a few inches aside from the stained boards where three or four other spots clustered in a certain symmetry, so close together they seemed one larger blotch.

Then Tenney came to the ladder and climbed to the deck and McKey made room for him. The other man drew back, watching them with unintelligent eyes. Tenney closed the scuttle and rose and looked at this man.

"Gorgan's dead," he repeated. "Head broken in with a stick of firewood. I think he's been dead some time. Now, what's happened here?"

The pale man looked from one of them to the other. "I was locked in," he reminded them dully.

Tenney nodded. "That's right. What's your name?"

"Doole," said the man slowly. "My name's Doole." He stood passively, betraying no particular emotion, unless it were a dull wonder at this interruption to an ordered life. "I've run the boat for him for six years."

"Just you two aboard?"

"Yes, just us two. And he wasn't one to talk. I might as well have been alone."

There was nothing surprising in this remark; yet they had not expected it from the stupid man, and both Tenney and McKey were a little surprised. After a moment Tenney said, "Can you find a lock for this scuttle?"

"I guess so," Doole agreed, and went toward the forecastle and disappeared. Tenney and McKey waited uneasily till he returned with a padlock and bent to snap it through the staple. They watched him silently, but when he rose Doctor Tenney said:

"There's a scratch on your arm."

Doole looked down at his wrist where a thin red line ran diagonally for two inches or so.

"I must have gouged it, trying to pry open that door," he explained, and Tenney nodded. The three men stood uncertainly for a moment; then Tenney said, "I suppose the thing to do is sail this sloop into harbor somewhere and turn her over to the authorities." No one replied, and he asked Doole: "Did you hear any row in the night at all? Any idea who did this?"

"I was locked in," the pale man reiterated.

"Was there anybody likely to want to harm Gorgan?"

"He never talked to me," Doole replied. "I never knowed him to see anybody. He weren't one to go ashore."

"Did he have anything down there worth stealing? Money, or anything of the kind?"

DOOLE spat over the side. "Why," he said slowly, "I guess he kept some money by him. Sometimes it would be quite a spell when we didn't put in anywheres. We was on our way along the coast to Newfoundland now. He kep' his money in a tin box in the cabinet in his cabin."

Tenney nodded. "I saw that had been ripped open," he agreed. "Have you been here long?"

"Just pulled in late yesterday."

"See anyone around then? Any other boats? Anyone on the island?"

Doole appeared to hesitate in the effort to remember. "There was two or three lobster boats passed after we anchored," he said. "And a man pulled his trawl outside here."

Tenney lowered his eyes thoughtfully. "I suppose there are some rough characters around these islands," he remarked. "But they never bothered us any. Well, we've got to get moving. You've got an engine, haven't you? There's no wind to amount to anything."

Doole nodded, and went aft to where the engine was housed and disappeared. They heard him at work there. McKey asked: "Where'll you head for?"

"Garnettville," Tenney explained. "We'll

go past home, so they won't worry. The woman with the cancer will have to wait till tomorrow." He hesitated, wandered forward; and McKey followed him. At the forward end of the boat, and as far as possible from Doole's ears, Tenney faced the younger man and said slowly:

"I think Doole killed him."

The somewhat ambiguous remark was elucidated by a motion of the head, and McKey understood it. He protested, saying, "Doole was locked in."

Tenney nodded. "Let's take a look at his quarters," he suggested. "I'll go down while you stay on deck and keep an eye on him. When he gets the engine started tell him to head for Eagle Light. Our boat will ride all right on her painter, but you'd better make their tender fast behind her."

M'KEY went aft to obey, and Tenney descended into the forecastle. He found himself in a narrow compartment, two of the walls formed by the sides of the vessel which drew together at the bow. His first care was to discover whether there was any entrance from the forecastle into the main hold, where Gorgan's cabin had been, but there was nothing of the kind.

Entrance or egress could be had only by the companion ladder. The portholes around the sides were too small to offer any solution to the problem. They would not even admit the passage of a man's head.

HE climbed to the deck again as he heard the engine start, and he and McKey lifted the anchor. Then they swung out of the cove and headed northward in the direction of the light.

Doole was aft, sitting on deck just outside the entrance to the engine room and steering. He beckoned to them, and the two men walked that way. When they were within hearing he asked:

"You men live around here?"

Tenney told him who they were. "I want to stop at my place on the way," he explained.

Doole hesitated. "I been thinking," he said, helplessly. "Gorgan being killed and me aboard here, folks will go to blaming it on me. I want you men to stand by me."

They were faintly taken aback, and Tenney asked, "Why, how do you mean?"

"Well," Doole explained, "you see how I was locked in. And if I was locked in then I couldn't have killed him, now, could I?"

"No," Tenney agreed. "No, you couldn't."

"I just wanted you to keep that in mind, so's you could tell it if there was any need," Doole told them. His manner was such a curious mixture of plaintive appeal and dull cunning that they were moved. McKey felt sorry for the man and said reassuringly: "We'll remember. Don't you bother about that!"

They drew apart thereafter, and Tenney and McKey sat on the raised end of the forecastle and talked in low tones; but they found themselves avoiding the subject of the murder. Once, however, Tenney walked aft and, after some casual remarks about the weather, the engine, and the sailing qualities of the sloop, said mildly: "I'm surprised you haven't a cat aboard. I should think there'd be rats."

"Why, we usually do have one," Doole agreed. "But she run away when we put in at Portland a couple weeks ago."

Tenney nodded and spoke of other things. They stopped to leave word with Mrs. Tenney that they would be away till late, then went on across the upper bay into Garnettville, where Tenney counted on finding competent authorities. They left Doole and the boat there in charge of the town marshal, who promised to send for the sheriff, and headed their boat homeward once more. When they were outside the harbor McKey said: "I'm glad that's done."

Tenney smiled. "I've a notion we're not done with it yet," he replied.

At home Mrs. Tenney and Mrs. McKey had to hear every detail of the adventure. The next morning, when Tenney prepared to go to see the sick woman of whom Malley had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

McKey hauled on the line, felt a weight, and heaved it in.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

spoken, he was not surprised that Mrs. Tenney and Mrs. McKey decided to go along.

They pulled into the cove where the sloop had been anchored; and Doctor Tenney located the exact spot by bearings on the shore. He stopped the motorboat and anchored. "I'm going to ask you to wait here a little while," he explained. "I brought along my bathing suit. It looks like a good place for a swim, and there's sandy bottom under us. I've a notion to take a look down there."

"What are you thinking, Jim? What do you expect to find?" McKey asked quickly.

"I don't expect to find a thing," Doctor Tenney replied. "Just want to take a swim."

He was used to the water, and when he emerged from the little cabin in his bathing suit and dived overside they could see his white arms and legs as he swam downward toward the bottom. He came up at last, laughing at himself for the attempt, but descended to try again and again; and after a dozen attempts rose with a more serious countenance.

"There's something down there I want to have," he explained. "But I can't quite bring it up. Mac, make a loop in the end of a line and I'll take it down and make it fast."

They leaned over the boat, keenly attentive. McKey did as Tenney asked. The doctor went down twice before he succeeded in his efforts; but after the second dive he bade McKey haul in, while the dripping Tenney climbed into the tender and so into the motorboat. McKey hauled on the line, felt a weight, heaved it in, and lifted over the side the object Tenney had found.

Yet it seemed hardly worth the trouble when they had it. It was only a piece of strap iron, perhaps six feet long, with three inches of one end bent at right angles with the rest. The two wives eyed it scornfully; McKey said in bewilderment, "Well, what are you going to do with it, Jim?" Doctor Tenney threw it carelessly in the bottom of the boat and laughed and went to dress without making a reply.

THAT afternoon, when they had returned home, Tenney and McKey went out in the rowboat to catch a mess of flounders, and McKey had an opportunity to question the older man more at length. To his inquiry Tenney nodded assent. "Yes," he said. "Yes, I still think Doole killed him."

McKey hesitated, then laughed. "What is it, a hunch?" he asked.

"It's mostly intangible," Tenney admitted. "I don't suppose I've any evidence that would stand up in court. I've caught him in one lie, or, at least, an apparent lie, but that doesn't prove much."

"What lie?" asked McKey.

Tenney lighted his pipe and moved his hand line thoughtfully up and down.

"I asked him if they had a cat aboard," he reminded McKey. "And he said they hadn't. But there was a little spot on the floor beside Gorgan's head that looked very like the track of a cat which had stepped into the blood." He hesitated; smiled uneasily. "My imagination runs away with me," he explained. "I see rather a grisly picture. I imagine Doole kneeling there beside the man he had killed and the cat coming up beside him so silently that it startled him. And I imagine his nerves letting go for a minute; I imagine him catching up the cat and hurling it out through the open hatchway above his head. You remember there was a scratch upon his arm."

McKey laughed mildly. "You've a good imagination," he suggested; and Tenney nodded.

"Probably so," he agreed. He looked at the other sharply. "If it happened so," he added, "I'm wondering if the cat was a calico cat."

That silenced McKey for a moment, and then he said: "You think it flew right out over the side?"

"A man can imagine anything."

"Wouldn't it swim ashore?"

"It might have fallen into the water on the side away from the shore. And swum about in the darkness till it saw a log and climbed aboard. And the tide carried the log away. The cold and exposure would have killed it."

A flounder took his bait, and he landed the flapping fish and killed it and put it in the bucket between them, rebaiting with a fresh clam. McKey argued: "Why should Doole want to kill him? There's nothing to show that."

"I've found, or, rather, I've noticed, that most murders arise out of excessive intimacy," Tenney replied. "Think over the cases within your knowledge. Isn't it nearly always true that when a man is killed in cold blood it is by someone who has known him well?

"Gorgan and Doole had been penned up on that boat for six years—too much together. You remember Doole complained that Gorgan

"I been thinking," he said helplessly. "Gorgan being killed and me aboard

here, folks will go to blaming it on me. I want you men to stand by me."

never talked to him. Men have been killed for less than that. Gorgan had no other friends, no other intimates, hardly even any acquaintances. Doole was the man who knew him best. If I'm right in supposing that intimacy is a necessary preliminary to murder, then Doole killed him."

McKey shook his head. "It's too far fetched," he protested. "I felt a little sorry for Doole. He seemed such a stupid, helpless sort."

"O, you can be sorry for a man," Tenney agreed.

"And, after all," McKey reminded him, "he was locked in."

"Yes, he reminded us of that."

"You can't get around it."

Tenney smiled. "Do you know what I hoped to find when I dove, down there?" he asked. "I had a notion that Doole might have taken Gorgan's money as a blind, and dropped it over the side. I thought I might find that tin money box. Found the length of strap iron instead. To me the iron meant a great deal more."

McKey was frankly puzzled as he said: "I don't see it."

"I do," Tenney assured him. "I can see a way by which he could lock himself in."

"How?"

Tenney indicated the other's line. "You've got a bite," he suggested. "We're supposed to be catching fish for breakfast. If you're out here just to feed clams to flounders, haul in your line and let me do it."

"How could he lock that door?" McKey insisted, rebaiting his hook.

"I CAN see how it might have been done," Tenney replied. "You remember the firewood along the deck against the end of the forecastle? And the pieces scattered around the deck? Yes. Then you can see that it would be possible for him to lay that strap iron along on top of the firewood in such a way that the bent end of it was against the end of the splinter we found thrust through the staple. He could prop that splinter in position on top of another piece of firewood.

"Then, as I see it, he climbed over this rig into the forecastle stairs and slid the scuttle into place, with the hasp hanging down; shut one of the perpendicular doors and then the other. The staple slipped through the hasp into position. Then he stuck his arm out through one of the portholes till he could reach the end of the piece of iron and push or pull the splinter into the staple."

"He couldn't do it in a year," McKey said.

"He'd probably miss out a dozen times, but he could do it in the end. I expect he'd practiced beforehand."

The younger man shook his head. "It's too wild," he insisted.

"It might be done."

"You could never convince a jury that it was done."

Tenney smiled. "Mac," he said, "I've lived long enough to learn to mind my own affairs. Maybe Gorgan deserved to be killed. I don't know, and I don't care. Maybe Doole killed him and maybe he didn't. If I'm called to testify, I'll tell what I saw. The laws of evidence don't permit me to tell what I thought, or what I imagined, and I sha'n't do it. I'm not intending to try to convince anybody. Not even you."

McKey considered this. "But if he's a murderer, he ought to be punished," he remarked.

"If he needs punishment," Tenny replied, "I expect someone besides myself will take the matter in hand."

A FEW days later they heard that the murder of Gorgan had been accepted as the work of casual marauders. Rumor eventually brought the news that the matter had been dropped, and Doole had disappeared. Other interests replaced the murder. Tenney had found that Dave Wall's wife had a cancer; and when the woman went to the hospital in Rockland, Dave asked him to go along. He did so, and attended at the operation.

When the operation was finished, the doctor who had operated said casually to Tenney:

"We had a friend of yours die here the other day."

Doctor Tenney was surprised, and said so.

"Who was it?" he asked.

The Rockland physician lighted a cigaret.

"Fellow named Doole," he replied.

Tenney nodded. "I know whom you mean," he assented, and had time to wonder at the workings of the inscrutable forces which rule the world. "What was the matter with him?"

"Blood poison," said the Rockland man. "In his arm. It had too much of a start before he came to me." He added inconsequentially:

"He said a cat had scratched him."

THE END

"He is a sure cure for any of the others who might be inclined to brag."

CHECK Up on Yourself. Boasting Can Be Cured. Go Easy on "I Said" and "I Did." If You Must Boast, Tell About What You Have Done, Not About What You Are Going to Do. Listen to Yourself as You Brag and You'll Admit That You're a Bore. Remember, the Boaster Bores Everyone.

A Sure Cure for BOASTING

By PAUL L. KINKEAD

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

FEIBEL was receiving candidates for a salesman's job with his firm. He manufactures an article slightly above the average price and more than slightly superior in quality. The selling of this article is not easy and the point consists in convincing the trade that the superior quality justifies the extra cost. This is not always easy to do, as some merchants believe that which looks much the same and retails at lower price with larger profit is better for the trade.

The first candidate examined was an alert, confident man of about thirty.

"I'm your man," he announced after listening to the brief explanation. "I sold more goods in my district last year than anyone in that district in the line, two to one. I'm the best known man in the line, and have the entry everywhere. They hold orders for me to come around. I've outsold every competitor for the last ten years."

"So?" said Feibel. "Have you your sales records with you?"

"No," replied the candidate quickly, "but I can tell you roughly what they were. They were more than twice what Moss of Turner and Galbreath sold."

He talked for ten minutes. Feibel, less and less impressed, finally promised to call him after examining others.

"He's no good," said Feibel. "Boasts too much. People who boast much are no good as a rule. He's a good man, too, if he'd quit spending his time bragging and sell goods. Blatant boasting usually antagonizes a customer and results in an unfavorable reaction."

The second man ushered in was quiet, quick moving, confident. Feibel looked him over and asked his experience, which he told briefly and concisely. In a few words he explained that he wished to change positions in order to advance himself, and that he thought he could sell Feibel's product advantageously.

"What was your sales record last year?" inquired Feibel.

The young man produced an itemized statement of towns, firms and sales. Ten minutes later Feibel and he had agreed on terms.

"The boaster is a bad salesman usually," said Feibel. "The fellow who inspires confidence both in employer and in customer is the one who lets his work and results talk for him."

"CONFIDENCE is the biggest asset a baseball player can have," said Frank Chance, famous Peerless Leader of the old time Chicago Cubs, and former manager of the Boston Red Sox and the Chicago White Sox, "but the guy who brags is not confident. As a matter of fact the boaster usually is covering his own lack of confidence by bragging, as a boy whistles when going past a graveyard."

Boasting, according to office managers, employers, and foremen, not only is the most common, but the most offensive fault of workers. Experienced sales managers say the braggart becomes a bore more quickly than any other type of man and that boasters seldom do as well on their second trip as on the first, and that few survive the third. Further, they say, boastfulness on the part of one member of a sales or office force is the surest cure for the same evil in other workers.

"Jim, over there," remarked the head of a big New York office organization, "is a harmless sort of person and I keep him more as a horrible example than for anything else. He is a born braggart, and he bores every person in the office. They get sick of listening to him. He is a sure cure for any of the others who might be inclined to brag."

Sam Free is an extremely successful merchant in a mid-western city. He deals in clothing, hats, and shoes, buys liberally and sells steadily. One morning a "breezy" salesman from Chicago entered the store and started his selling talk by making boastful claims for his goods and telling of the enormous quantities of goods he had sold in that territory.

Sam listened gravely and remarked:

"Sorry, but we cannot use anything in your line."

"Why?" inquired the salesman, in surprise. "It's the best line in the country, the most popular and the biggest seller."

"I've listened to your talk," said Sam. "Those goods are entirely too good for us up

here. We're just common folks, and cannot use stuff so much superior. It would break up the community, for every person would go broke trying to dress as well as the ones who bought your line."

The salesman finally realized the fact that he had overtalked himself. He could not withdraw the claims he had made for his goods, so withdrew himself without making a sale.

"Bragged too much," Sam commented. "I'd have had to do a lot of bragging to sell that stuff the way he did. Don't like to brag."

THE great evil of boastfulness in business, in society, or in almost any other human relationship is that to make good, the braggart must live up to his boasts. There is one big eastern college—Dartmouth, in Hanover, New Hampshire—in which the habit of boasting has been cured for a generation or two at least.

It is the Dartmouth custom to receive all the new students with open arms. For three days after college opens in the fall the upper classmen receive the newcomers, introduce them, make them feel at home, and extend themselves to welcome their new fellows. Then follow four days of humility, during which the faculty discreetly holds aloof and the boys prescribe remedies for whatever idiosyncracies the newcomers might have exhibited—and only a boy can make the punishment fit the crime perfectly. If the case is an aggravated one the upper classmen may prescribe further punishment.

Several years ago during the three days of welcome, one boy felt inclined to explain to his new fellows just who and what he was. The student leaders sat on his case and decided that, every evening at dinner, with sixteen hundred men gathered in the great Commons, this boy should stand on his chair and say:

"My father is the richest and most prominent man in Ashtabula. I am going to marry the most beautiful girl in Cleveland, whose father is the richest man in that city——"

Everything he had boasted during those three days was recorded and he was forced to recite it for three months. It was a drastic measure, but served its purpose—the young man was cured of boasting and his punishment served as a warning to others of similar inclinations.

Recently a woman in New York whose pose was the blasé and the society wearied was complaining to friends in her home.

"I really don't know where to go this winter," she said. "If I stay at home we are worn out, receiving guests. It is just luncheon, dinner, theater, opera—it is the penalty of being so popular. People simply swarm over me and you have no idea of the demands on my time. I have scarcely a moment to myself. If I go to Pinehurst it is the same, and Palm Beach is worse—I am simply worn to a frazzle with dinners and dances, motor boating and teas. It is terrible to be in such demand."

For twenty minutes she boasted of her popularity, her divers social duties, her intimate acquaintance with persons of high social and financial standing, and then a rude, rough man broke into the conversation.

"I sympathize with you," he said harshly. "Morgan and Rockefeller always are sending for me to lunch with them. I scarcely have a day in the year that some of these big fellows do not insist on having me to lunch. I am more unfortunate than you are. You can go to California or to Honolulu and escape them—but no matter where I go, any place in the world, the rich and the nobility intrude upon my privacy and insist upon entertaining me, whether I like it or not."

His wife scolded him after they departed, and he escaped at least one trouble—the boastful woman never invited him to tea again.

A FEW years ago one of the major league ball clubs signed a promising young player. He seemed a good prospect. He was a good hitter. But from the day he joined the club he did nothing but boast of how he could hit and how many pitchers he had wrecked in the minor leagues. One day he got three hits and the rest of the team got only two. He boasted more than ever. The manager that evening handed him a ten-day notice of release.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Ain't I hitting better than anyone on the team?"

"Yes," said the manager, "you're hitting so well you're showing the rest of us up, and I've got to let you out."

He had boasted himself out of his chances for advancement.

"I was cured of bragging early," laughed the sales manager of one of New York's biggest firms. "I entered New York full of confidence. I had been a big success in my first job, had attracted attention and was offered a better thing and grabbed it. I went into the firm telling them how good I was and bragged that I would sell more goods than any other man on the road for them, regardless of territory. I think I told them that if I didn't sell $200,000 worth on the spring trip I would think I had failed.

"The sales manager listened and told me he would give me a bonus of one per cent on all over $200,000 I sold.

"On that trip I sold $180,000 worth of goods, breaking the record for the district by more than $30,000. Instead of a bonus I was told I had fallen down on my estimate and failed to make good. It hurt, but I realized it was my own fault and that they were merely taking me at my own estimate.

"It cured me of bragging about what I could do—but it took several years for me to live down the reputation. I had a sense all the time that the big men in the firm were giving me the laugh. I had put myself in a position where I could not well ask for an increase in salary, because I had failed to reach my mark.

"About four years after I joined the firm I had a good trip and went over the $200,000 mark, and the president called me in, gave me the laugh, and handed me a big bonus. He had been saving up a bonus for me on everything over $150,000 a trip.

"I never have boasted since—at least not in advance."

"RADIO cured me of the bragging habit," said a well known Eastern business expert. "There is something impersonal about broadcasting. A fellow has a funny feeling. One of the companies persuaded me to broadcast a business talk one evening and the experiment interested me. I talked into the microphone, and did so with an ear piece clamped to my head, so that I listened to my own voice coming back amplified. It didn't seem natural.

"After fifteen minutes I commenced to stumble in my speech. It wasn't that I was embarrassed, or anything like that, but hearing myself talk was like listening to another fellow, and I noticed that the word *I* was sticking out all through it. I felt like a fool, talking about myself all the time, and began to read copy on the talk and eliminate myself.

"It was an excellent lesson and since then, in talking, either in public or in business, I throw out as many *I's* as possible. If I bored myself, what must I have done to others?"

THE END

"I sympathize with you," he said harshly. "Morgan and Rockefeller always are sending for me to lunch with them."

How'd YOU *Like to Be* A MEMBER *of* FOLLI

Katherine Littlefield, one of the beauties glorifying American girlhood in the latest edition of the Follies. White Photo.

MR. NED WAYBURN, the producer of Mr. Ziegfeld's pulchritudinous entertainments, settled himself more comfortably in his orchestra chair.

"It is theoretically possible for any girl in the United States to 'try out' for the Follies," Mr. Wayburn said. "It is actually possible if she presents herself in New York."

And Mr. Wayburn ought to know. For it is he who first inspects the legs which are destined to scintillate in this celebrated New York musical revue. It is he who later instructs those legs how they must whirl mysteriously through a series of bewitching dances, while their beautiful young mistresses lift their voices in song.

It is, in fact, Mr. Wayburn who fashions the whole performance from fragments of theatrical material which come to him in much the same manner that bricks, lumber, and plaster are delivered to the builder of a house.

On a certain morning the current edition of the Follies was in process of rehearsal. Before Mr. Wayburn, on the theater's partly darkened stage, sat seventy-five young women, in bloomers, jerseys, bathing suits, and other light apparel, while at a piano in their midst Victor Herbert, the composer, played over and over the opening lines of a ballad.

It appeared, from time to time, that he was annoyed at the inability of the seventy-five young women to hold their voices in unison.

Captivating Peggy Shannon in a meditative mood. A. C. Johnston Photo.

For he often paused, madly rump his hair, and caused them to begin over again.

But Mr. Wayburn, in his orches chair, did not seem vitally concern

"They're getting it," he remark "It always goes slowly at first. Fi of those seventy-five girls have ne been on a stage before. That's the s ret of the Follies' success: Beauty and freshness.

"Sixty-seven hundred applicati were received for places in this yea chorus. They began to arrive ab ten months ago, and when we w ready to begin work on the producti every girl who had an application file was notified to appear.

"That job kept three stenograph busy for about three weeks. The p liminary examinations kept me b for a week more. But the point is t we are just as anxious to discover su able girls for the chorus as they se anxious to be discovered. So it's wor the bother."

I asked for details, and Mr. W burn settled himself into a more co fortable attitude, which permitt

High jinks at the Follies' girls' picnic, where a gay time was had by all. Eccentric acrobatics are nothing at all to Ziegfeld's beauties, as they have their own gymnasium and physical culture expert — which helps to explain their perfection of form. Kadel & Herbert Photo.

If You Are a Man, How'd You Like to Be Ned Wayburn, Who During Last Season Inspected Thirteen Thousand Four Hundred Lovely Legs for Ziegfeld's Current Jubilation Over Our Beautiful American Girlhood ?

be S?

By
HARVEY DEUELL

Ned Wayburn, Mr. Ziegfeld's producer, who inspected 6,700 pairs of pretty legs for the current production, chose 100 pairs, and then called in Ziegfeld for the final choice. No ambitious girl is denied a try-out for the Follies.
Photo, Copyright by Underwood & Underwood

The perfect blonde beauty —languorous, dreamy-eyed Imogene Wilson, who recently haled Frank Tinney, the comedian, to court in an episode that gave Gotham something to gasp about. Edward Thayer Monroe Photo.

Lovely Marion Bender in a stately and delightful pose. Marion is of the perfect "show girl" type. White Photo.

him, however, to keep the stage in view.

"The process of selection begins in the studio I maintain at Sixtieth Street and Broadway," he said. There are several competent persons there whose business it is to interview the girls when they first come in. Each girl fills out a card with her name, address, height, age, weight, complexion, previous stage experience, and so on and so forth. The assistant to whom she talks notes whether or not the girl has any chance of being accepted, and, if so, in what particular part of the chorus she would likely be of the most use. There are several kinds of chorus girls, as I shall presently explain.

"The cards are then filed, and, when a new production is to be started, are used in sending out the notifications.

"This year four days were set apart for the first tests, and the theater was filled on each occasion. It was really an amazing sight. So far as the procedure is concerned, there is never any variation. I sit on the stage, and the girls come out of the orchestra and the galleries and file past me. Most of them can be eliminated at a glance. There is no certain 'type' of beauty which the Follies demands. On the other hand, our girls must all fulfill certain inflexible requirements.

"They must have regular and pleasing features. Their hands must not be bony, nor give evidence of age. I can tell how old a woman is far more accurately by looking at her hands than I ever can by inspecting her face, where she can camouflage her years more or less successfully. She's helpless, however, where her hands are concerned. Let me say, in regard to paint, that an effective makeup is no great help to a girl who's trying for a job here. The Follies wants natural, not artificial, young women.

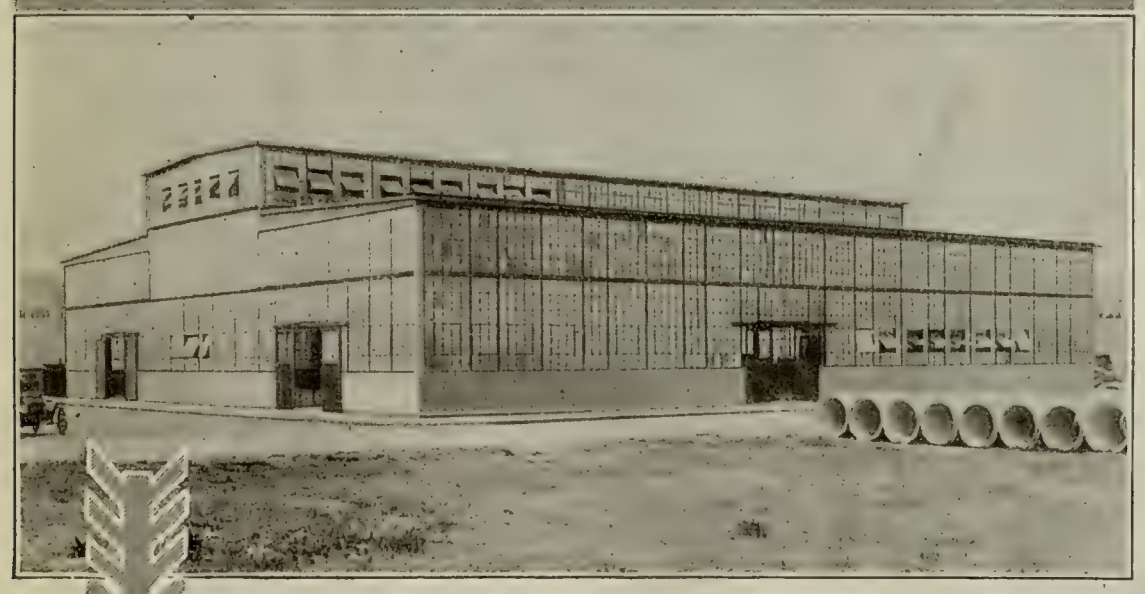
"When, however, a candidate has passed the facial test, that's only half the story. Her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TRUSCON

TRUSCON STEEL CO.

STANDARD BUILDINGS



Buildings That Pay Large Profits

How your business is housed is as important as your equipment. Durable, attractive buildings lead to greater dividends.

Truscon Standard Buildings give the kind of housing which successful business needs. They look good and are fireproof, cutting insurance costs. They cost less than other fireproof construction. They are quickly erected with a small working force. One contract covers complete cost—no extras, no delays.

Truscon Standard Buildings may be had in pitched or flat roof types with various arrangements and sizes for every purpose.

The coupon brings valuable information; return it to us without delay

TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY, YOUNGSTOWN OHIO ··· U.S.A.

Warehouses and Offices from Pacific to Atlantic. For addresses see 'phone books of principal cities. Canada: Walkerville, Ont. Export Div: New York.

Send useful building book and suggestions on building to be used for.....

Length..... Width..... Height.....

Name.....

Address.....L-8-16-24

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

thighs must not be unusually heavy, nor her bust. Her back must not reveal her shoulder bones conspicuously, and her legs must be perfectly formed. As a matter of fact, more girls are pretty than are beautifully made.

"This year I reduced the 6,700 applicants to an even hundred before I called in Mr. Ziegfeld, who always makes the final selection. He eliminated twenty-five more. And the result is—the girls you see up there.

"SOME persons harbor the impression that a chorus is a laxly governed institution. Nothing could be further from the fact. The first thing a Follies beauty has to learn is the necessity of discipline. They report for rehearsal every morning at ten o'clock sharp. If they're late twice they're fired. I used to have a stage manager who could be moved by tears. So I fired him. His successor has a heart of flint.

"The next thing a Follies beauty learns is—to pay attention. No laughter, talking, or unnecessary movements of any sort are permitted on the stage. If a girl is loud in her deportment, or makes herself annoyingly conspicuous, she is warned twice—and then takes her departure.

"After it has been impressed upon the young women that the Follies is a business enterprise—and not an institution dedicated to the gratification of their vanity—they are taught to walk properly to music. They are taught to walk in time; in double time; in half time, and in half of half time. Any girl who can't learn to walk to music can't learn to dance.

"After the walking instruction the chorus is separated into parts. I said that there were several kinds of chorus girls. There is, in the first place, the show girl. She is the most mature member of the chorus, and her function is spectacular more than anything else, although she dances. Chiefly, she wears gowns.

"Then there are the special girls, who are capable of putting on an act alone—almost anything short of a speaking part. And finally there are the ordinary dancers and the ballet—classical and toe.

"Usually, at the start of rehearsals, the whole chorus assembles at ten o'clock in the morning and works together until one in the afternoon. The girls are taught to sing and to go through the dance steps which are fundamental in chorus work. The rest of the day is spent in my studio, which includes a gymnasium, a dance floor, and a miniature theater.

"After an hour and a half for lunch the dancers arrive and an assistant takes them in charge to instruct them in kicking, 'patter,' heel and toe work, and some of the more difficult features of their new jobs.

"This work goes on until six o'clock. Then the studio is dark until eight, when the ballet comes in to practice.

"An hour later the gymnasium opens, and every one must attend who needs to.

"It is the duty of the athletic director to correct the minor physical imperfections from which, at the outset, the girls often suffer. If one whose form is otherwise perfect has legs which are slightly too slender, he must develop them to the proper proportions. Thighs are reduced, arms rounded; weight is added by diet at the athletic director's advice or taken off by exercise under his direction.

"While the chorus is in training the other parts of the show are gotten together. Mr. Ziegfeld approves the ideas. He originates some and I originate some.

"I design most of the sets. As soon as one is delivered that part of the performance is perfected. The chorus learns the dance that goes with it. The principals come in and go through their stuff. And the act is edited on the spot. The effect of all the stage business is analyzed and calculated.

"I SUPPOSE many people believe that laughter in a theater is largely a matter of chance. On the contrary, it can be produced with as much certainty as a chemical reaction.

"There are two kinds of laughter. There is the faint kind, which may be hardly more than a smile, and there is the loud haw-haw, which originates below the diaphragm.

"It's laughter of the last sort—placed so that it will occur whenever interest threatens to wane—that makes a production a success. I have learned to calculate almost precisely how many loud laughs a show will provoke.

"What's the recipe for loud laughter? Slapstick business, usually. But to be effective there can't be too much of it, because it becomes commonplace and loses its point. The whole performance has to be brisk, furthermore. It's got to *move*—to be on its way. For that reason the speed with which the performers speak their lines, and the manner in which they accent them, is of the utmost importance."

The singing lesson closed. Mr. Wayburn hastened to the stage. The piano was pushed into one of the wings, where a young man seated himself before it.

"Line up!" Mr. Wayburn admonished the seventy-five assembled young women, in a voice which wasn't loud but had a curiously penetrating note. "Stop talking! Pay attention! Time! Half time! Half of half time! Ready! Piano! March!"

THE END

Does your SON *want to go to* COLLEGE?

A Penetrating Article on the Advantages of Education, Which Answers the Time-Honored Question: Which Produces the Better Graduates, the College or the School of Hard Knocks?

By ANGELO PATRI
Noted Teacher and Author

Pictures by JOHN A. HAELEN

Angelo Patri has the rare gift of seeing all sides of an educational question—the child's, the teacher's, the parent's. His experience in the New York schools forms the basis of his articles on educational topics, which have made him a recognized authority.

In this article he discusses a question the importance of which is apparent from the following:

"With no schooling at all," says the United States Bureau of Education in its bulletin, The Money Value of Education, "only thirty-one persons out of every 5,000,000 attained distinction; with elementary schooling 808 out of 3,000,000 achieved a like level; with a high school education, 1,245 emerged out of a group of 2,000,000; and with college education, 5,678 arrived at this point out of a group of 1,000,000."

EVERY intelligent boy should go to college. As society is organized it is next to impossible for an untrained man to hold his own and his chance for leadership is in the realm of the miraculous. The doctor, the lawyer, the engineer, and the certified accountant each has to have his degree before he is permitted to practice his profession. The business man who has none finds himself at a marked disadvantage beside the man who has such an education.

"O, I never had a college training and I got along. I learned all my lessons in the school of hard knocks. I say let the kids do the same thing. Lincoln never went to college, did he? And the college fellows all had to take a back seat when he came round," is the assertion frequently made.

There's been too much emphasis put upon Lincoln's lack of education and his poverty. He did not forego college of his own choice, and he took every opportunity to make up for his lack of it. When he was in Illinois studying for the bar he hired a tutor and paid him well for instructing him. *In fact, he had a little private college, personally organized and personally financed. He had a fine mind, but it had to be trained and cultivated,* even as yours and mine.

Most of our successful men have understood this. None of them scorned the teachings of the masters and all profited by them. J. P. Morgan, the elder, completed his college education here and then went to Göttingen University, Germany, and took a postgraduate course in mathematics for a doctor's degree.

Between J. P. Morgan and the man who struts and says, "I can teach my son all he needs to know about business right here in my shop," lies a world of achievement and successful living. The great banker knew a keen happiness in living because he had become acquainted with literature and art and music and religion. His intellectual life was as rich as his material one. In every sense education paid him.

"I FOUND that I had to go to college," said a young fellow just entering business. "While I was in the elementary school I did my lessons fairly well, but I gave the teachers so much trouble that my mother had a path worn to the office.

"When I went to high school I disliked the restraint worse than ever and passed only by the 'skin of my teeth.' 'You don't want to go to college,' said my father. 'I can see that. What you need is a job.'

"I was delighted. I thought working was going to mean liberty, so I jumped at a position as stock boy in a wholesale house. All day long I carried boxes and counted bits of goods, and there was no time for play. I found that my salary left me about a quarter to spend recklessly after I had paid my board and bought a few cheap clothes.

"When I had held the place for a year I asked the boss for a raise. He fixed me with a cold and fishy eye and said, 'Why?'

"'Why? Why, because I want it,' I stammered.

"'Huh! That's not sufficient reason to pull money out of this cash drawer,' said he, turning to his work.

"I went out as mad as a wet hen, and that night I asked my father to let me go to college. He didn't say yes right away, but made me beg for awhile. You can bet that I didn't give the professors any trouble. I did four years' work in three, and here I am on my way."

ON the other hand, there is the sort of boy who is eager to go to college so that he can escape from home restraints. He thinks he has been held down too closely and welcomes this chance for freedom. He enters the life of the college with a rush.

All the props are removed. He must think for himself, act for himself. Of course, he is going to make mistakes.

"What a riot," says he. "The bunch climbed up and painted the lions white, and there was some party. O, boy! I'll say this is the place to have some fun."

In the business world his mistake would have cost him his job, and he would have felt himself a failure at the outset. Nothing worse than that can happen to a boy. In college he gets a poor report and a loss of privileges, as well

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Double Protection *for Your Furnace Investment*

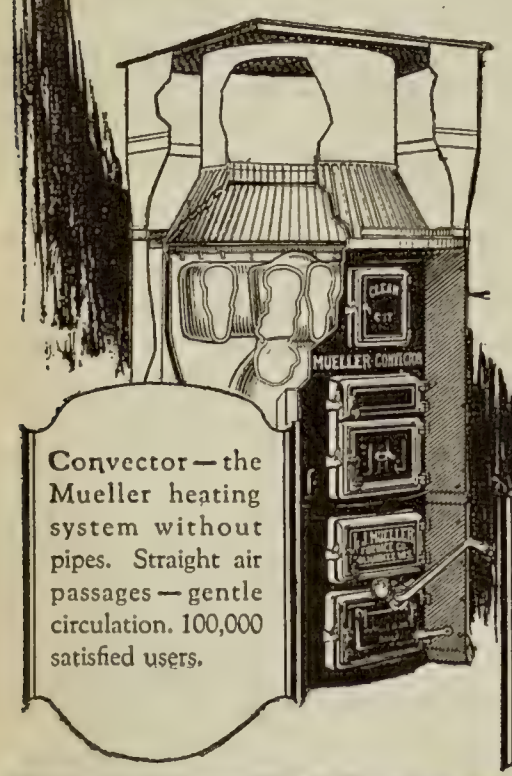
WHEN you invest in a Mueller Furnace you are *doubly* assured of the years of dependable heating service you seek. For back of every Mueller installation is *double* responsibility—our responsibility to both you and our dealer, and your local dealer's responsibility to you.

Complete Engineering Service—Free

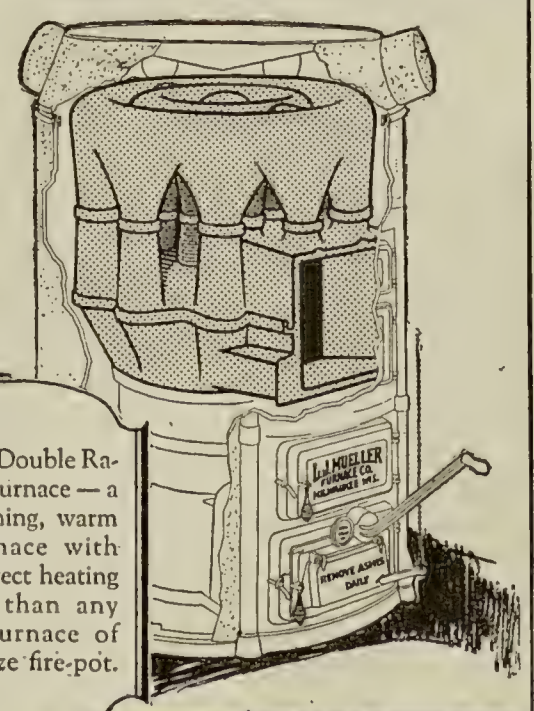
Your Mueller dealer is a qualified heating man who installs your furnace from blue-prints worked out in detail to fit your home's requirements. His estimates, prepared from the *special* charts we supply, are verified by Mueller engineers. For 67 years "engineered in" Mueller Furnaces have led the way—236,000 installed. A Mueller Furnace can be bought on *easy* monthly payments. Its saving in fuel helps earn its cost. Mail the coupon. No obligation.

L. J. MUELLER FURNACE COMPANY, 200 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Makers of Warm Air, Steam, Vapor and Hot Water Heating Systems, Combination Hot Water and Garbage Burners, etc.

Branch Offices:
*New York *St. Louis Chicago *Detroit *St. Paul
*Minneapolis Portland *Seattle *Salt Lake City
*Complete Stock—also at Boston and Baltimore



Convector—the Mueller heating system without pipes. Straight air passages—gentle circulation. 100,000 satisfied users.



Mueller Double Radiator Furnace—a self-cleaning, warm air furnace with more direct heating surface than any other furnace of equal size fire-pot.

MUELLER FURNACES
Tons of Coal Cheaper

L. J. MUELLER FURNACE COMPANY
200 Reed Street, Milwaukee, Wis.
Will you send your nearest Heating Expert to give me an estimate of the cost of a Mueller Dependable Heat Installation—
☐ In a new home I contemplate building?
☐ To replace my present heating system?
NAME CITY
ADDRESS STATE

Mail the Coupon

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

as a bad hour at home. Chastened and subdued, he starts afresh.

Boys must experiment with life, and college is a good place for them during this period.

"A lot of 'rah rah' boys," grumbles an old codger whose nose has been kept so close to the grindstone that he hasn't had a chance to sense what has been going on around him. "They stick a dinky hat on their heads and cheer themselves hoarse watching other fellows play. Where do they think that gets them?"

More than he thinks. When the lads sit on the benches and cheer they're cheering for something that calls out all the fiery loyalty of their hearts, which was exactly what happened when the old codger himself stood on the sidewalk and cheered himself purple in the face as a regiment of khaki clad lads marched by.

THEY'RE cheering for an ideal. If they get that alone out of their four years of college it will be well worth the time, for if there's one thing more than another that this country needs it is men with ideals and the courage to stand up and cheer for them.

To be sure, the boys have but a vague idea of what it is they cheer. They have become part of a tradition, an idea, a something that they cannot quite put into words, but it fills and inspires their hearts and drives them to go out into the world and "do something about it." The cheering and stamping and flag waving of the freshman days crystallize into an ideal of service that gathers power as they gain insight and worldly wisdom. They come out ready to put the idea to work.

"That's just the point," breaks in the old codger. "He comes out at the bottom of the ladder while the boy who went to work directly from the lower school has the jump on him. The college boy doesn't earn half as much."

True enough. The boys who go directly to business command a better salary than the college boy of the same age, but that is only at the beginning. Before very long the trained lad will catch up to and pass the untrained one and continue to outdistance him for some years to come. Education not only adds to the power of the intelligence but it adds to its span of growth, a point to consider seriously.

"Ah! but they waste an awful lot of time in the colleges," insists the self-made advocate. "I know a boy who went to college thinking he was going to be an architect. He drew very well and got a couple of medals. All of a sudden he switched and began to study music, and his father began to worry about how he was going to earn his living. Then he stopped music and took to writing stories, and now he writes plays. Makes a lot of money, too. But what I want to know is why they let him waste all that time? Why didn't they make him stick at one thing until he finished it? They spoil them, I tell you, letting them shift from one thing to another, from course to course."

Which is precisely why the boy should go to college. He grows in a strange way that only teachers understand. *When a talent appears it should be cultivated,* although it may not be the one he is going to follow ultimately.

It takes time and intelligence to grow a boy, and the job is better done by the specialists. Give him a chance and send him to college.

GIVE him a chance to get the specialized knowledge he needs for the work he hopes to do. The best experiences of the best men of the race are written in the books, and the masters will interpret them and direct the boy toward their intelligent use.

Give him a chance to measure himself against the highest standard of manhood. The great men who have come out of our colleges are an inspiration to those who come after them.

Give him a chance to glimpse the beauty of life, for men do not live by business alone. The boy's spirit must be fed, and art and music and religion and literature make their contributions to his character. He will be but an uncultured halfling without them.

Before you send him to college make up your mind just why, and select the college you believe will give him what he seems to need most, remembering that he will bring out what he took in with the inspiration of fine tradition, the discipline of the routine, the culture of the curriculum added unto him. If the boy must supplement his allowance with money he earns while at college, so much the better.

Yes, give him his chance. Send him to college. He will come out with his gifts defined and polished, ready to be put to work, and the work that he will do will be more definite, more intelligent and far reaching in its benefits, because of his wider opportunities. *The world is hungry for trained men, men with ideals and ideas and the ability to carry them out.*

The colleges produce more of this sort than does the school of hard knocks. Send your boy to college.

This is the first of a series of timely articles on colleges and college education by Mr. Patri. Another will be published in an early issue of LIBERTY. It will be of supreme interest to parents and those of college age.

What Makes the WOMEN WILDEST?

Picture by JEFFERSON MACHAMER

By RICHARD ADAMS

What Is YOUR Pet Peeve? Does It Steal Upon You Before Meals or After? Is It Caused by Persons or Things? What Do You Do—Slam the Door, Swear, Swat Someone, or Weep? This Revealing Article Tells All About a Clinic on 145 Outbursts of Temper.

ANY woman has a right to get angry two and eight-tenths times a week. She can divide it as she chooses. She is privileged to go the whole distance twice and fall short of the boiling point by two-tenths of a towering rage once, filling her weekly quota. Or she can spend it in a daily stamp of the foot. She can suit herself about it, as she doubtless will notwithstanding this scientific survey of the matter.

If she desires to kill you more than two and eight-tenths times a week it may be ample proof that she is utterly human, but it is more than that. It indicates that she is not the undisputed mistress of her temper and that she has not reached that point of self control arrived at by a majority of fifty-one of the girls in Dr. Georgina Stickland Gates' psychology classes at Barnard College.

That she has fallen short of the Barnard standard may or may not chagrin her into mending her temper. In fact it might be best not to compare her capacity for anger with those of the Barnard girls, lest she indulge in a particularly widespread campaign of irritability which might end in anything.

But it appears that the subject of anger—its causes and effects—came up, as subjects will, in Dr. Gates' class, and it was suggested that the students place themselves under personal observation for a week. Fifty-one students agreed to shadow themselves through their waking hours and, following their individual routines and consciously avoiding nothing that they ordinarily would encounter, to take notes of their own behavior.

Each girl agreed that she would, immediately upon being attacked by anger or any of its minor cousins, such as pet peeves, pouts, and pains in the neck, make note of the cause and the time of the arrival of the attack. Each agreed to record her reactions to her grouch, analyze them and jot down the urges to which they gave birth.

Each student promised to time her anger; to make record of its duration and then to observe closely the resultant symptoms, whether she was sorry or glad or even slightly out of patience with herself for allowing anger to rule her. If she hated herself for being peevish she had to start in all over again surveying the effects of the fresh peeve born of her late anger. It was an intricate experiment. Naturally some of the young women had no end of trouble drawing the line which divided the original fit of anger and the ill-temper caused by giving in to it.

And, of course, some of the students discovered that subjecting a peeve to analysis is apt to ruin the peeve, which lessened the efficiency of the tests because each fit of anger was supposed to run its course for the sake of the desired information which might be considered standard material. If one stops to reason why one dislikes this or finds joy in that, life is going to lose savor. Man must let certain emotions go without scientific molestation, otherwise he becomes a human cash register or adding machine or typewriter.

However, these Barnard girls devoted seven days to taking stock of their choler.

"At the close of the seventh day," said Dr. Gates, "we found that one hundred and forty-five anger experiences had been charted by the fifty-one students and that the average surrender to resentment was two and eight-tenths for the week."

Now it naturally follows that a few of the girls, either lucky or being possessed of treacly natures, passed through the period sweetly serene and without even one pink litttle passion. To these students those seven days were idyllic. Life was merely a well modulated kiss on the brow and nature was wearing her new white organdy.

But others had quite a different time. In turn they found themselves immersed in all degrees of indignation, ranging from the passing pet peeve to the wrath of stern Achilles or the "rage of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused." In other words they got so mad that it required four strong men to hold their hats.

Of these one hundred and forty-five outbursts of temper, one hundred and fifteen were caused by persons. Unhappily the young women did not make record of the sex of the persons or of the social status of the ire-provokers, therefore it cannot be told how the Barnard girls regard the Columbia

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Girls might safely kick such exasperating things as trunks, chairs, doors, buildings, steps, flivvers, and books, whereas in this feministic age a lady may no longer safely kick a gentleman lest he hang a retaliatory hook on her chin.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

University boys or vice versa. In some instances the victim of the rage just didn't like the face worn by her irritant and that aroused her to resent his being.

Again some of the students resented the walk or the talk of the person responsible for her departure from passivity. A girl will do that whether she has been to college or not. She is apt to look at the most beautiful man that ever faced a camera and pop off into a seven day grouch. And then she'll look at some man whose face suggests a successful air raid and fairly radiate pleasure. Otherwise there would be far more bachelors.

"THINGS" were responsible for thirty fits of anger. And in this connection it was disclosed that the anger engendered by persons was far more whole-souled than that occasioned by mere "things." This would indicate that the Barnard students were reasonable about their ire. A mere "thing" couldn't help it, but a human being ought to know better. Besides, the girls might safely kick such exasperating things as trunks, doors, buildings, steps, flivvers, and books, whereas in this feministic age a lady may no longer safely kick a gentleman lest he hang a retaliatory hook on her chin.

Among the "things" provoking wrath were radio sets which wouldn't produce, hair nets which refused to net, locker doors which declined to open or refused to shut, ink that insisted upon spilling, watches which shirked their duty, spectacles and eye-glasses which divorced themselves from the nose and ears at unseemly moments.

But any woman will readily defend the Barnard young women against charges of undue irritability when she considers what, in people, did the vexing. For example, people stirred the student ire by contradicting, unasked criticism, flirting, teasing, bossing, unsolicited. advice, interruption of study or sleep, unjust accusation, sarcasms, scolding, conceit and disobedience in children. It must be added that none of the students participating in the inquiry has disobedient children.

These things stand the test of human experience. None of us are calm in the face of the irritants mentioned thus far. But more interesting is the fact that "Blue Monday" is almost non-existent at Barnard. In fact, so far as it appeared upon the charts, Monday lacked any color. It is like Christmas to Oliver Twist—just another day. But Friday and Saturday! Well, give ear!

In the first place you work all week trying to store up enough erudition to help carry you through the long post-college years. Comes Friday and you're pretty well fed up on it. You have spent Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday trying to look intelligent. By Friday you're tired of the pose, and by Saturday you feel like chucking the whole thing and giving three rousing cheers for illiteracy.

But on Saturday and Sunday you give yourself over to the ways of the pleasure-seeking world. You eat heavily and often. You attend week-end parties. You play golf and mah jongg with the opposite sex, and drink with a sense of great freedom if nothing else, you indulge in double negatives and you mix metaphor after metaphor. Such a time; such a time!

And then, in the quiet of your room on Sunday night, you are seized by remorse and long for the sanctuary of the well known cloisters of learning. Simple? Absurdly simple. And thus refreshed at the ever popular flesh pots, are you gloomy on the morrow? No, you take a running leap at it and start with renewed vigor to cram facts into the great open spaces.

"Anger," said Dr. Gates, "was shown to be more frequent and more violent before meals than after."

We pass that along with little comment. The same obtains in the zoo. Also it is a sufficient answer to the women who, upon hearing that their men folks are baying at the moon, say:

"Feed the brute and let nature take its course."

THE time or duration element fascinates. A few of the devoted fifty-one were grouch-nursers—dangerous women, in fact. But on the average they got rid of their mads in from ten to twenty minutes, which seems fair enough provided you aren't busy. The sweeter tempers reported that they could get furious in a second and have it out of their systems in five minutes, and it was agreed that if a woman can snap out of it in fifteen minutes she's not only normal but trustworthy.

The soft answer antidote for wrath wasn't popular. Almost all of the persons or things which aroused the surveyed passion were immune to any sort of an answer, so what was the use wasting words on them?

The Barnard girl, when irked to fury, longs to slam doors and tell the offender what she thinks of him or it. Also, says Dr. Gates, she yearns to make angry, sarcastic, sulky retorts. She has a desire to insult, to scold, to slap, punch, shake, strike, choke, pinch, scratch, step on, shoot, beat up, throw out of the window, tear to pieces, bean, or, to make sure, kill the offensive thing. Also she would swear, run away and cry.

Luckily, however, she does but few of these desperate things.

"Triumph over the inclination to nurse a grievance succeeded anger in only eleven instances," said Dr. Gates. "The more frequent reactions were irritability and shame."

And there you have it. They were so ashamed of themselves for permitting the angry passions to rise above the surface that they felt rather angry.

However, we would have a fearful time of it without them—if we were here to have it.

THE END

Have You Nerve Enough to Say: "I DON'T KNOW!"

An Article on the Benefits of Taking Your Medicine

By HUGH FULLERTON

SOME of us, perhaps too few, have obeyed the saying, "Have courage, my boy, to say 'No,'" occasionally, at least; but how many of us have the courage to say "I don't know?"

If you ask almost any man almost anything he will give you some sort of an answer. Not one in a hundred will say "I don't know."

"I don't know" seems to be the most difficult phrase of all to utter, excepting on the witness stand, where it becomes easy in some cases.

The result of the reluctance of men and women to admit that they do not know is the wider dissemination of misinformation. Every man does it. I do—yet I am not consciously trying to mislead or deceive anyone.

Listen to an ordinary conversation. One man says, "You remember So and So, don't you?" You answer, "O, yes," and perhaps you add, "Quite well"—and then wonder who the person is of whom he is talking.

In our family I have evolved a system of evading that sort of thing. The wife during a stroll asks, "What flower is that?" I look, not being certain whether it is a nasturtium or a sunflower, and say:

"That is a hyperellipsidized onchadaris."

"A what?"

"A hyperellipsidized onchadaris."

"What is the common name of it?"

"Field gentian, member of the gentianitis family."

"It is quite pretty, anyhow."

"Who was that man to whom you spoke?" is another question asked of me.

"Ferdinand W. Dinwoodie," I would respond, being unable for the instant to recall that he was Jim Smithers.

In that manner I achieved quite a reputation for learning and for possessing a memory.

That system, however, will not work. Eventually even wives become suspicious. Mine did the third or fourth time we met "Smithers," and when she asked his name I replied:

"Hannibal H. Updegraff."

"Well," she responded, "the last time we met him his name was Ferdinand W. Dinwoodie."

"I know," I explained lamely. "But he got married last week."

After that it was necessary to tell my wife "I don't know," even when I do, because that Updegraff-Dinwoodie episode caused her to believe I am never right.

Try yourself out on this. I do not mean to insinuate that you consciously are untruthful, but see how often you say you know something when you do not.

In introductions your friend says, "You know John Minkus, don't you?" How often will you reply, "Why, yes—of course, we have met before!"

You cannot remember Minkus—but until after you have spoken you think that in an instant you will remember him. The form of question has put the suggestion in your head that you do know Minkus.

Behind the stubborn refusal to say "I don't know" lies the subconscious desire of everyone to make others believe he knows everything. No one thinks less of you if you say frankly "I do not know." It takes courage. No one can know everything; even Solomon admitted three things puzzled him. Even he was honest enough to say, "I don't know."

THE END

Revealing the Human—and Pathetic—Side of Britain's Charming Heir-Apparent. He Longs to Be Like Tom, Dick, or Harry—to Dance with a Daughter of Tammany, if He Chooses. And He Can't.

My FRIEND *the* PRINCE *of* WALES

By Captain John Hamilton Potter

Photo © Underwood & Underwood.

Third Installment of This Delightfully Intimate Closeup

THERE is a diffidence about the Prince of Wales which makes him much more sensitive to homage than to adverse criticism. In fact I rather think that he prefers the criticism. If I know the man at all (and I have had ample opportunity to study him at close range) he'd prefer, more than anything else, to exchange places with any one of a million young men of his age, for a while at least, and travel unnoticed and with as little ceremony as you and I.

"Of course you've got to stand for all this fuss," I said to him once during his stay in New York. "You're the Prince of Wales, you know."

"O Lord," he replied, "you don't need to remind me of it. Do you know, Potter, what I'd like to do tonight?"

"What?" I asked.

"I'd like to invite that girl I just danced with to go motoring from roadhouse to roadhouse, dancing until we got tired of it. I'd like to buy a couple of seats at some musical show and take some girl and be shown to the seats just as if I were a broker or a clerk or something."

"A fine chance you'd have with that girl if you were an ordinary broker," I told him. "She's one of New York's most brilliant débutantes."

"Well, then, any nice looking girl who can dance."

Kadel & Herbert Photo.

Above, the jaunty civilian, bowing acknowledgments to a cheering crowd; to the right, the sober military man. Different aspects—yet through both runs the wistfulness, or diffidence, so characteristic of the Prince of Wales.

The Prince is no intellectual in the theater. He prefers the musical show to the drama and is usually bored stiff by the serious play.

It was for a somewhat different reason, however, that he found more enjoyment at the Hippodrome in New York than at Ziegfeld's Follies. At the latter entertainment he turned to me, between the acts, and whispered:

"Can't we have a drink?"

I had nothing to drink. I scurried about among the men and women in the party. Not a flask in the outfit.

"Not a drop in the party," I told him. "However, we can——"

"No, never mind; I can wait if the others can."

The next night we went to the Hippodrome. I had told Charles B. Dillingham what the Prince had said at the Follies. So between the first and second acts the Prince was conducted to Mr. Dillingham's office in the theater building, where he had several highballs.

"Darned good show, that," the Prince said after we left.

PROBABLY nothing he encountered in America amused him more than the mob scenes staged by our supposedly decorous and conservative social register folk when he attended a function.

Just before he left on the British cruiser Renown for Halifax, to sail for home, he was introduced to a member of the Racquet and Tennis Club of New York:

"This is Mr. So-and-So, Your Royal Highness. I believe you met before—at the Racquet Club. He says that he had the honor of being beaten by you at racquets."

After this Mr. So-and-So disappeared. Edward Albert said to me:

"At last, Potter, I'm a record holder. I played just four games of racquets in New York and with only one man. Yet there are at least five hundred men in New York who have, according to information received by me, been my opponents on the courts. I played only an hour, yet I took on five hundred men. Also they all modestly claim to have been beaten by me. It's very courteous of them."

At West Point, in the mess hall, the Prince suddenly grasped my arm.

"What's the trouble with those chaps?" he demanded, indicating the plebes, who, in accordance with custom, sat at attention while they ate.

I explained that the rigidity of the first year man was a part of the West Point code. The Prince looked at the lads sitting in their chairs

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

like animated statues, their chests in advance of their chins and their chins horizontal.

"Poor devils," he groaned. "How do they eat that way? And how do they keep their tunics clean? I'm sorry for the boys."

I venture to say that there's not a man in the United States who would have stood the gaff as well as the Prince did on his American tour. Many, many times he was bored to death with the prospect of another function that evening. He'd gather his staff about him and call for a few drinks.

"Well, here's to it," he'd say, referring to the approaching ordeal. "We'll probably need a little help."

And any number of times he turned to me and, winking over a highball, said:

"I wish our quartet was here for a party. I'd love to have a private dance tonight."

You will recall that in my first article I wrote of the quartet—Lady Loughborough, Mrs. Dudley Ward, His Royal Highness, and myself. The love we all had for dancing held us together in London and we had lots of fun.

THE Prince's desire to be out of the crowd was made clear on the night before he left New York, when the city gave him a reception in the Seventh Regiment Armory. It was a semi-public affair in that the guests were chosen not only from the social register, but from the membership of Tammany Hall as well.

Tammany Hall behaved nobly, but I'm afraid that the social register folks were not quite so pleased with themselves and the affair generally. For example, when the rush toward the Prince began and the elbows of Fourteenth Street found frequent lodgment in the ribs of Fifth and Park Avenues, the ribs rebelled, whereas the elbows prevailed.

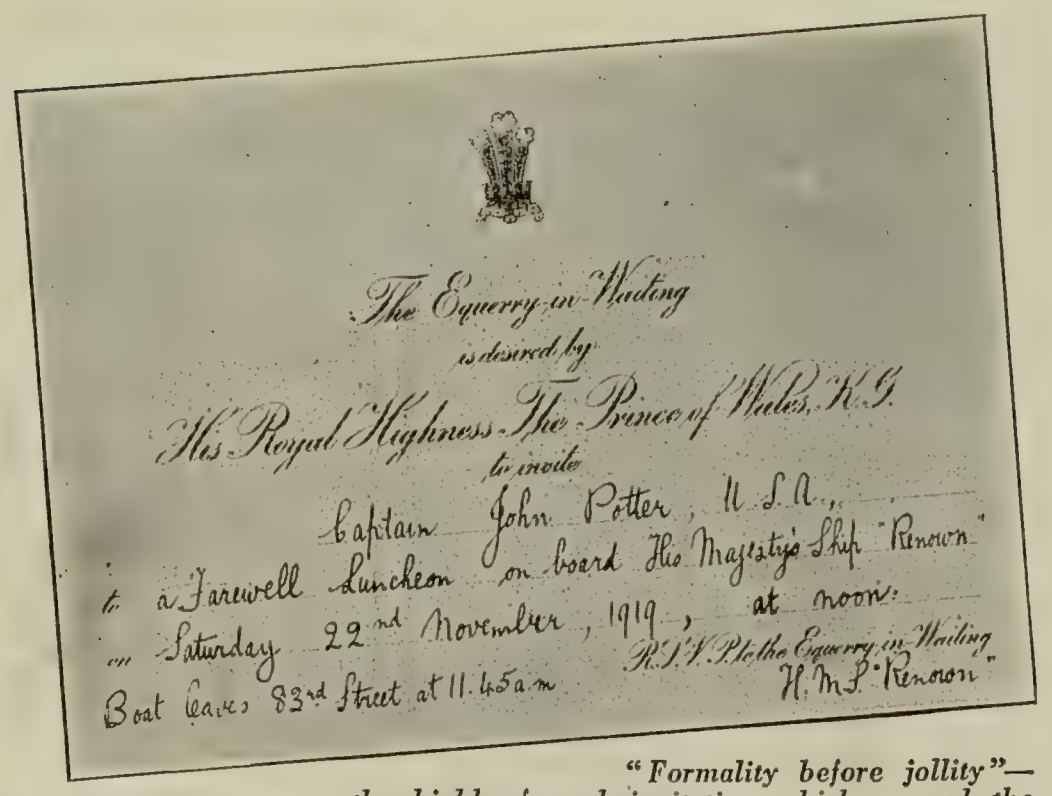
Dancing was all but impossible, and those society folks who had the physical stamina to try the dance floor were soon worsted by the boys and girls from without the Four Hundred.

Many of the society persons quit cold, leaving the floor to the non-elect, who proceeded to have a splendid time. Finally the Prince said to me:

"This is jolly enough, but for heaven's sake isn't there some place where we can have a private dance?"

We arranged that he should have a small room on a floor above the drill floor, and I set about to find women to be his partners. And it was then that I discovered that almost all of the society folks had fled. I enlisted Mrs. Dobson Altemus of Philadelphia and her daughter Mary, who helped me round up a few girls.

However, there were a number of young women who, while



"Formality before jollity"—the highly formal invitation which opened the prospect of a delightful party on the Prince's cruiser to the author of these articles.

unknown to social register society, were real beauties and marvelous dancers. Several of them were of the slim, boyish type preferred by the Prince, and I should have liked to include them in the party. In fact, the Prince asked me about one of them.

I don't wonder he watched her. She was a young Diana. She must have been about eighteen or nineteen—a gorgeous young thing, beautifully gowned and quite capable, in appearance, of gracing any court. She was the daughter of one of Tammany Hall's most astute district leaders.

"What difference does that make?" demanded the Prince. "I'd love to meet her and ask her to dance."

But being the Prince of Wales has many penalties. He didn't meet her, and the reason is not the obvious one. When I mentioned the situation to one of the city officials, he said:

"If you invite her there will be hell to pay. Other politicians with pretty dancing daughters are going to ask why their girls were not invited. If you invite just this one girl she is going to be the victim of many cats. No, you'd better limit the Prince's partners to the society ladies and do nothing likely to start a social upheaval in Tammany Hall."

The Prince grinned when I told him why he could not dance with the beautiful girl of Tammany Hall.

"And you tell me," he said, "that there are thousands of men who envy my chances to meet any girl I want. That's rot. There are hundreds of girls I'd like to dance with but can't simply because I'm the Prince of Wales."

Another illustration of the good fellowship of the Prince was to be seen at West Point, where there were a number of wounded veterans of the war. It seems that a woman of considerable social importance had made arrangements to present ten or twelve débutantes to Edward Albert and had taken them to West Point in motor cars.

The Prince's schedules were always made out to the minute. He was involved in war reminiscences with several of the veterans when one of his aids reminded him that the young women had arrived.

"Please wait for me," said the Prince to one of the wounded men. "I shall be back."

He bowed to each of the young women, made a neat little speech, and hastened back to the wounded men.

"You were saying when I left that you'd like something or other," the Prince said to one of the veterans.

"Yes," replied the soldier, "I was saying that I'd like a drink."

"I'm learning American slang," replied the Prince, "and my answer is that you have nothing on me, old man."

Unhappily, they were a long way from the cruiser Renown; otherwise the wounded man would have had the drink for which he so longed.

The human side of the Prince—taken, as this article tells, when he side-tracked a bevy of beautiful debutantes to talk with wounded veterans at West Point. The camera man was informal, too—in that he snapped His Royal Highness from the back!

"Good Lord! Why can't they give me five years more!" cries the Prince when his brother, the Duke of York, rallies him on his bachelorhood. Read all about it in the next installment of this series, in an early issue of Liberty.

Open to Everyone---Everywhere

MEN—WOMEN—CHILDREN

The Most Fascinating Contest Ever Devised!

Liberty Is Paying

$1,000 A WEEK

In Cash Prizes

for Tongue Twisters

No Work to Do! Just Write a Simple Little Tongue Twister and Send It In. For Each One Printed Liberty Will Pay $100

This Week's Winners

1—Slister Slaffer's sister, Sadie Slaffer, Sladie Slaffer's slim twin sister, so slowly sews Slister's sister Sladie's slick silk stockings.—Clarence O. Dodd, Box 100, Salem, W. Va.

* * *

2—Courteous Carrie caught coy Corrine casually carrying crushed crust crumbs to cunning Carl's cozy crib.—Edith Wagner, 3020 Euclid Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

3—A blue blank bank book blew back of Blank's black bank block.—Mrs. F. C. Brockett, 630 Kansas City St., Rapid City, S. D.

* * *

4—The three thieving, thrice thwarted thieves, thriftily thriving, twisted thither through the three thickly thistled thickets.—Marshall R. Evans, 200 Vincent Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas.

* * *

5—Three through trains threw Thrack's tricky traps to thrifty Thrums, thus throwing thriving trade thither.—Raymond C. Lindquist, 1208 Portland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

* * *

6—Pompous ponderous poolplaying Philander Pickwick Pupperwilk periodically practices promiscuous practically perfect popular philanthropy, producing prospective posthumous punctilious prompt pleasure paradoxically.—H. Bonn, 341 Main St., Racine, Wis.

* * *

7—Shapely Selma Schnell's surly sister Shirley surely shall sell sharp scissors to shingled single shebas.—Donna Hewes, 926 E. 62nd St., Chicago, Ill.

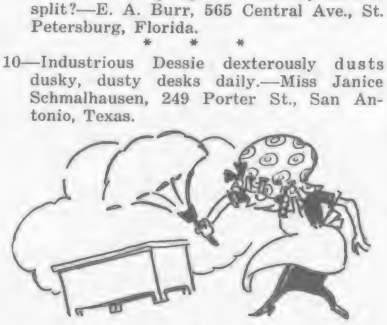
8—Pharmacist Pat Trask packed paste pills billed "Peter Potts." Poor Pat packed pale Pete Potts' paste pills punk; Potts poked Pat's pate a pop.—Edna Barrett, 2812 Prospect Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

9—If Sammy Slacker split six slick, slim, slender saplings, where are the six slick, slim slender saplings that Sammy Slacker split?—E. A. Burr, 565 Central Ave., St. Petersburg, Florida.

* * *

10—Industrious Dessie dexterously dusts dusky, dusty desks daily.—Miss Janice Schmalhausen, 249 Porter St., San Antonio, Texas.



THE RULES

1. $1,000 a week in ten cash prizes of $100 each will be paid for the ten best Tongue Twisters accepted and published.
2. This offer is open to everyone except employes of LIBERTY; THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE; THE NEWS, New York's Picture Newspaper, and their families. It does not matter where you live.
3. Tongue Twisters may be submitted on the coupon published for your convenience or on a separate sheet of paper of any form. Contestants may submit as many Tongue Twisters as they wish.
4. No manuscripts will be returned.
5. All entries must be mailed to Tongue Twisters, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

TONGUE TWISTERS,
Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

Date....., 1924.

Here is a Tongue Twister which I am submitting in your $1,000 a Week Prize Contest:

.....

.....

.....

(Write your suggestion on the above lines, or use a separate sheet of paper. Either one will do.)

My Name Is.....
Street No.
or R. F. D.....
City or
Township..... State.....
(Write Plainly or PRINT)

$1,000 More Next Week! Send 'em In! Send 'em In!

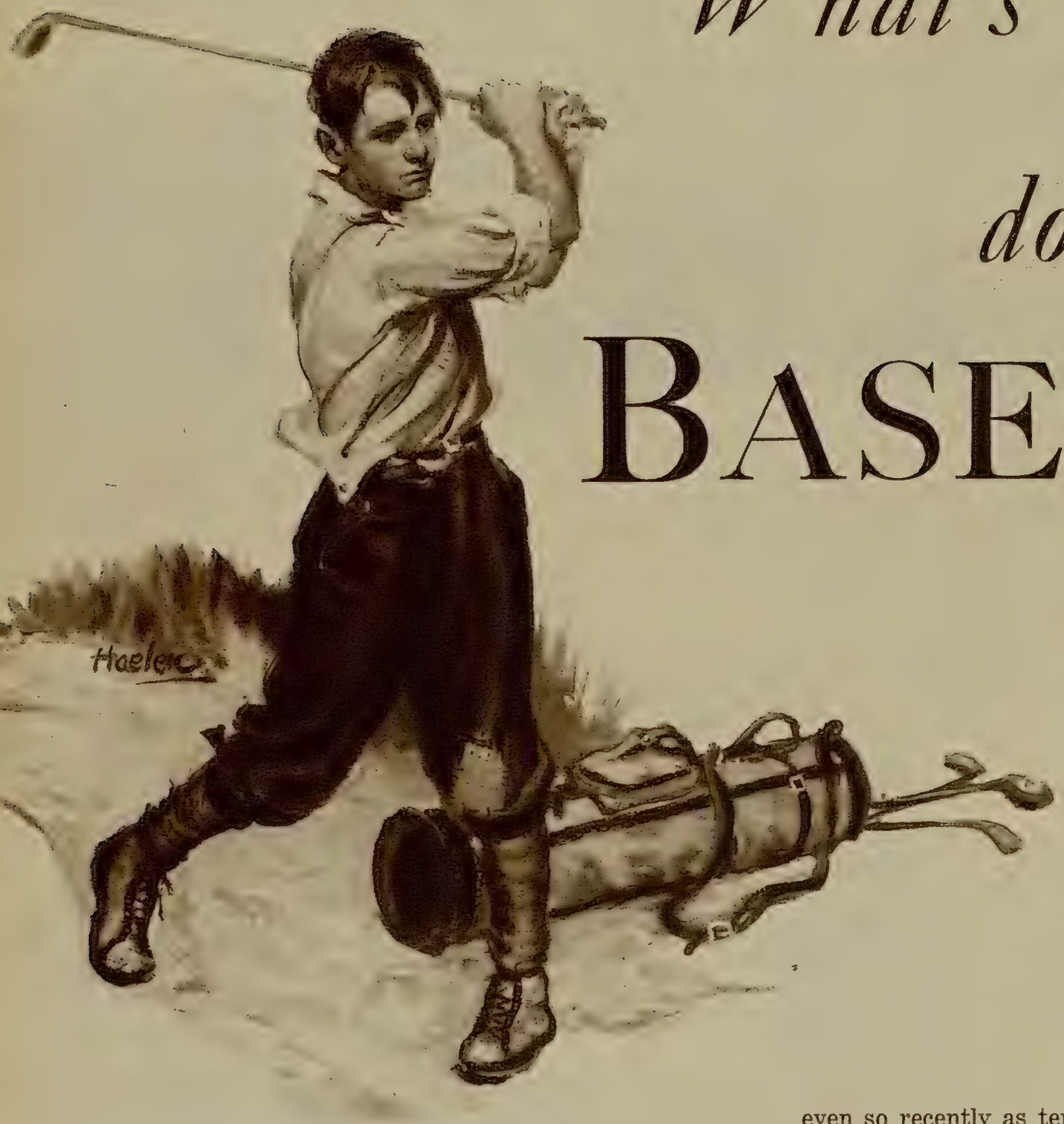
CHAMPIONS

KING OF THE UNIVERSE OF BATS—His majesty, George Herman Ruth, seems to be coming back. He may—he may!—even top his best season. It will be installed by all the faithful attendants at the big league ball parks that in 1921 the Babe lammed out 59 home runs—the highest number on record. This was five more home runs than he had garnered in 1920. He slid back after 1921, however. In 1922 he chucked up only 35 home runs as against 42 made by Rogers Hornsby of the St. Louis Nationals. Last year Babe crept up again but only sufficiently to tie with Cy Williams, each of them driving out 41. And, incidentally, Hornsby, who worsted the Babe so decisively the year before, slipped to 17. At the time this is written "the Babe" tops all the batting averages for the present season and has a total of 29 homers. Play ball!

Among CHAMPIONS

QUEEN IN THE REALM OF RACQUETS—By established methods of reckoning in sports Helen Wills takes rank as the woman tennis champion of the world. She lost to Kitty McKane, the British player, in the international tournament at Wimbledon, it is true, 6—4, 4—6, 4—6. She did not alibi, but it must be pointed out that she was playing for the first time abroad, had not become accustomed to English courts, and was not at her best. AND THEN—in the Olympic semi-finals at Paris, Miss McKane lost to Emielienne Vlasto, a Greek girl reared in France, 6—0, 5—7, 1—6. And Helen, retrieving gloriously, defeated Mlle. Vlasto in the finals, 6—2, 6—2. Study those scores. Miss Wills' consistent victories are in marked contrast to Miss McKane's erratic course. They reveal vast superiority over the French player, whose semi-finals triumph was so marked. By every right our Helen's champion.

What's GOLF *doing to* BASEBALL?



By *INNIS BROWN*

Pictures by JOHN A. HAELEN

A FEW evenings after the Yankees finished thrashing the Giants in the late world series a group of baseball men sat chatting in a hotel lobby in New York City.

"I may be all wrong," remarked one of the group, a former big league manager, "but it seems to me that the crop of young ball players coming up to the big leagues these days is away below what we used to get ten or a dozen years ago. It may be just my prejudice, but it certainly looks that way to me."

"That's the deuce of it," replied another. "You're not wrong. We don't get 'em like we used to. I don't know why, but we don't."

"You know the answer, don't you?" put in a third, who, by the way, happened to be one of the best known scouts connected with the game. "If you don't, here it is."

He pulled from his pocket a golf ball.

"My kid handed me that last night. Said he won a driving match with it at the club where he caddies. Twelve years old and plumb nutty about golf already. Blamed near all the kids around town are the same. Say, you wouldn't need to be told if you looked around the towns which have golf courses—I mean the little ones as well as the big—and darned near all of 'em have 'em or are building 'em."

"You don't see the kids gathering on the corner lots with bats and balls and gloves like you used to. Now they've got a battered, sawed-off club or two and a few old golf balls, and play to a hole scooped out in the ground."

This was big league talk coming from big league actors. Yet if any sport-steeped Isaiah even so recently as ten years ago had ventured to suggest that the popularity of baseball with young America was on the point of suffering a raid at the hands of any other form of sport, his prophecy would have been received with reasonable scorn and derision.

Beyond doubt, this lobby gathering was tooting along on the right track. Something like two years ago Connie Mack remarked that if golf kept on developing as it had for the last few years, the time wasn't far off when club owners would have to start a baseball college to train their own material.

Mack is qualified to testify on such a question. In addition to being one of the smartest managers in baseball, he has a scouting system which overlooks no source of future stars.

THIS raid on the part of golf has been coming along gradually for several years. It is said that when Walter Hagen, America's leading golfer, went into golf, baseball lost a possible star. Hagen was a fine kid pitcher, and he is certainly a great competitive athlete. In all probability he would have made a star ball player. Hagen's defection took place some twelve or fourteen years ago. Connie Mack offered him a job. Hagen considered and deliberately selected golf, to his great profit.

But the movement has gathered impetus rapidly in more recent years. When Gene Sarazen won the United States open championship at Chicago the news of his success, loudly heralded in all parts of the country, gave the movement possibly its strongest boost. Experts estimated that the championship would mean fifty thousand dollars to him within the ensuing twelve months, and thousands of youngsters all over the country began to dream of following in his footsteps.

As a matter of fact, that estimate was no doubt a bit optimistic. But give it an even split and consider the effect. Here was Sarazen, scarcely twenty-one years old, himself a caddie no more than four years before, holding the proudest title the game has to offer in this country with visions of more money just ahead of him than he had probably ever thought of before. Boy, page Horatio Alger Jr.!

Several reasons may be assigned for the exodus from the corner lot diamonds to the links. The strongest of these is an opportunity to pick up a little spending money independent of the family exchequer by a method decidedly more interesting than mowing a lawn, delivering parcels, running errands, and the like.

Golf clubs have sprung up all over the country. Every large city is the center of a great cluster of golf clubs. Smaller cities have anywhere from one to a half dozen.

AS a rule, the caddie's work is easy and interesting and the pay is good. Around the larger city clubs a boy can earn anywhere from a dollar to two and a half or maybe three dollars a day, depending on how many rounds he can make. The scale in smaller cities is only slightly less. By the time he has caddied a few times he picks up enough knowledge of the game to take quite an interest in his player. Quite frequently the boys back their respective players with small bets. The writer recently heard a story along this line worth repeating.

Two golfers were playing on a course in Alabama, one a well known judge and the other a friend in business. Two small Negro boys were carrying their bags. The name of the judge's caddie does not appear, but the other rejoiced in the illustrious cognomen of Theodore Roosevelt Johnson—Roosevelt for short.

The match proved very evenly fought, and the players came to the eighteenth tee all even. But here the judge put his third dead to the hole for a certain four, and his opponent motioned him to pick up his ball, meaning to give

Why Are the Kids of Today Deserting the Corner Baseball Lot That Their Daddies Loved So Well? Why Do So Few Boys Now Aspire to the Big Leagues? And What's Going to Become of Our National Game? This Article Helps Solve the Mystery.

him the hole and the match. As the Judge started to reach for his ball his caddie stopped him.

"Ah specs you all better putt dat one, Jedge," he said. "Roosevelt don't concede no putts."

THERE is, however, a well defined movement spreading all over the country aimed at improving caddie service, and this movement includes a supervision of the conduct of the boys, both on and off the links, which discourages gambling and other bad habits. Incidentally, this movement also includes appeals for cooperation on the part of the memberships of clubs to the extent of realizing that boys will be boys and that most of them, if treated fairly, will respond quickly to such treatment.

This latter effort is doing much to eliminate the element of caddie baiters, those players who blame on the caddie everything that goes wrong. There are a few of such players left, but the breed is rapidly vanishing. An official of one big club near New York, who takes a keen interest in the welfare of the caddie, threatened to have one of the members suspended for abusing a boy, and promised that if this failed he would try physical punishment. The first expedient worked, however.

The chance of earning money no doubt draws most youngsters to the golf course. But once they are there other elements combine to hold them. All small boys are imitative and likewise curious. Only a short time is needed to set them trying to swing a club and eventually to hit a ball. At their stage they learn quickly. Within a remarkably short time a lad of ten or twelve years will acquire a smooth, rhythmical swing, even with a club a foot too long for him, which is the envy of many an extra-girthed, middle-aged club member.

Let the boy hit one or two good ones and he has sampled the prime lure of golf. Did you ever see a boy who played baseball purely for the love of scooping up infield grounders or shagging flies in the outfield? Certainly not. These are merely necessary to his getting his turn at bat—to "crashing the old apple," as the picturesque Ping Bodie used to say.

In baseball the boy goes to bat four, maybe five, and sometimes six times in a game. In golf he gets many times that number of chances to give the ball a ride. More than that, he can perch the ball on a mound of sand and take his own time in swatting it for all he is worth, without waiting for the pitcher to give him one that he likes.

A skill at the game thus early acquired is a vast treasure and source of pride. The youngster takes a keen satisfaction in being able to tell a floundering employer just why the player missed the last one and how he should play the next one. Sometimes, from his eminence, the caddie even looks down with something akin to pity if his man is a hopeless duffer. Many a business or financial giant has cringed under the patronizing glance of some freckled-faced urchin after dubbing a shot and scuffling his ball into a bunker.

In this connection an authentic story is told, in which Gene Sarazen figured prominently, considerably to his discomfiture, while he was still the open champion. Sarazen was a member of a four ball match at a well known club near New York. On one hole he asked his caddie's advice on the selection of a club for playing an approach shot. The boy handed him a mashie-niblick. Sarazen took it and pitched the ball short into a sand trap guarding the green. Peeved, no doubt, at his failure to reach the green, he began to berate the boy for his choice of clubs. The youngster's reply was somewhat laconic but effective.

"Let me see the club," said the boy.

Sarazen handed the club to the boy, who took a ball from the bag, dropped it on the turf, and played it on to the green.

"If I can do it, looks like the open champion ought to," was the caddie's comment.

LOOKING to future profits, the lot of the professional golfer has much to commend it.

At the peak of his career the big league ball player may enjoy an advantage over the golf professional, supposing, of course, that he is a star player. But the average big league career, for even the comparatively small number of stars, is barely six years. In a similar period the golf professional is just beginning to come into his own.

Walter Hagen is nearly thirty, and is as good right now as he ever was, and possibly better.

Alex Smith, who won his last championship thirteen years ago, enjoys a better position now, around fifty years of age, than he did then. Jim Barnes and Jock Hutchison are forging on toward forty, yet both hold very excellent positions.

SO much for the boy who bends his skill at golf into direct financial returns. For the amateur the possibilities are even vaster. There is no way of calculating to just what limits they approach. Known ability to play a fine game of golf, welded together with a companionable personality, comes pretty near to being an open sesame into the inner sanctums of the lords of finance and commerce.

Steel magnates invite young golf champions to their clubs for a round of golf. Stock brokers, bankers, wealthy merchants, and others esteem it something of a privilege to entertain them, and later relate to their friends and associates just what the champion had to say.

If you are disposed to doubt that known ability as a golfer rates high as a medium of entry into select circles, take advantage of the first opportunity to observe.

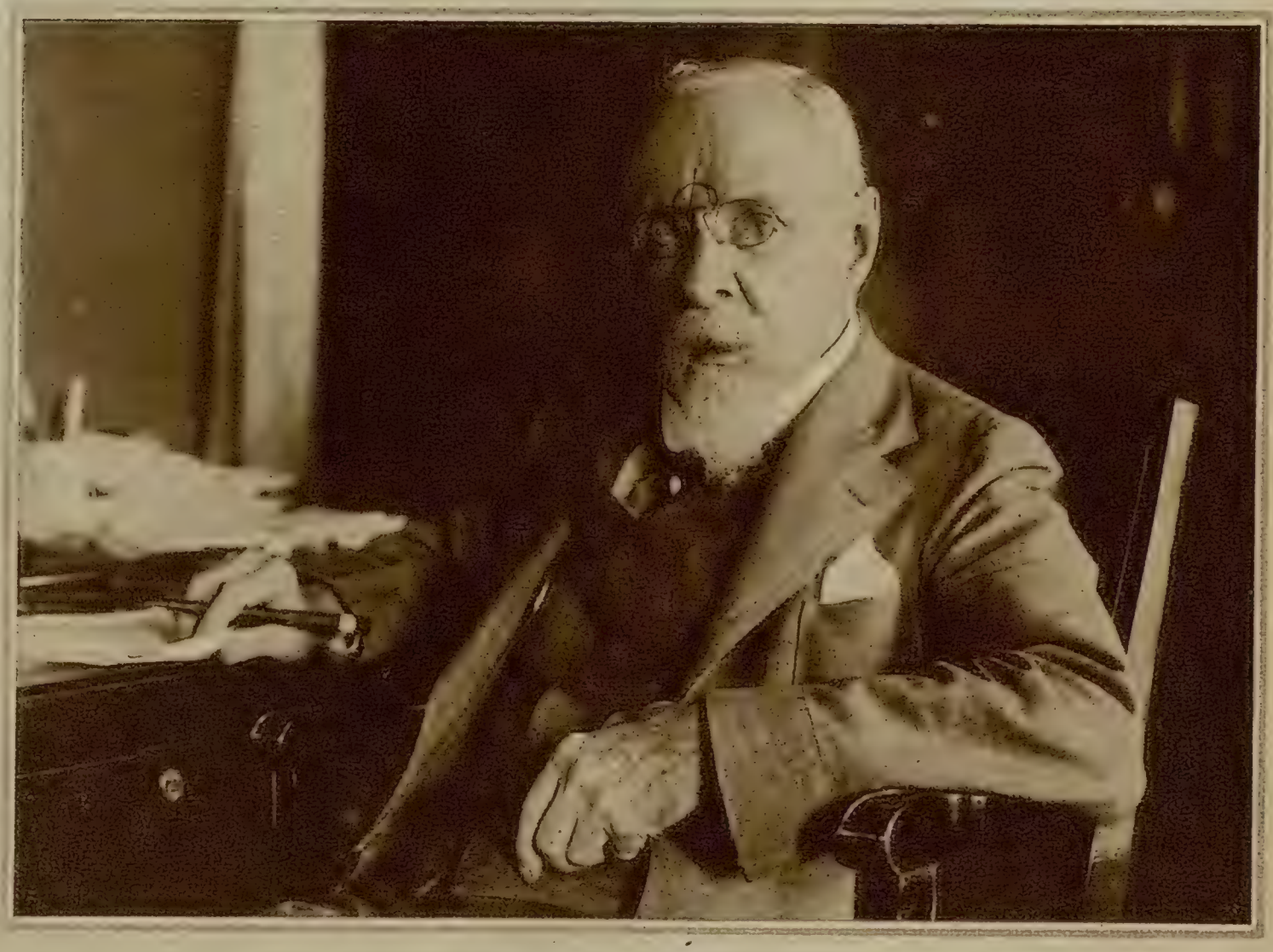
If you happen into the company of some extremely busy and zealously guarded business man while he is listening to a would-be golf expert advise him on how to cure a slice or prevent shanking a mashie shot, just take note of how long some business emissary on matters of vast importance has to cool his heels in the outer office while this private tuition is being imparted.

THE END

The State Department *Loses a* SKIPPER

By WINIFRED MALLON

The Life Story of Alvey A. Adee, Master Diplomat and World's Greatest Authority On International Affairs



P. & A. Photo

Alvey A. Adee, Second Assistant Secretary of State and master diplomat, as he appeared at his desk. His frequently expressed wish "to die in harness" was granted on July 4 last.

SMALL of stature, eighty-two years old but spry for his age, using an ear trumpet because of life-long deafness, a man who would pass unnoticed in a crowd—such is a brief pen picture of Alvey A. Adee, the former guiding genius of the United States Department of State, who was acknowledged the world over as the highest authority on diplomatic procedure.

Mr. Adee's most earnest and frequently expressed desire was to "die in harness," and this was granted. He died on Friday night, July 4 last, in Washington. Secretary of State Hughes paid him this tribute:

"The death of Alvey A. Adee brings to an end a service which is unparalleled for its length and efficiency in the history of the Department of State. Mr. Adee entered the Diplomatic Service fifty-four years ago, and he held for nearly thirty-eight years the position of Second Assistant Secretary of State. He was a man of broad scholarship and rare diplomatic insight, and for intimate knowledge of our foreign relations easily held first place.

"During a long period, and until his health failed, he was the constant and most trusted adviser of Secretaries of State. It is not too much to say that the Government has never had a more faithful and competent servant."

WHEN Helena and Butte were in the midst of their dispute over which should be the capital of Montana, an irreverent Washingtonian one day suggested a compromise.

"Why not," he said, "put the State House on rollers and keep it one year in one city and next year in the other city?"

"A government on wheels!" exclaimed the outraged son of Montana to whom the remark was addressed. "That would be a pretty spectacle, wouldn't it?"

"Not so bad," mildly contended the other. "There goes our State Department now," and he raised his hat in salute to a little old gentleman riding along on a bicycle.

The cyclist was Alvey A. Adee, Second Assistant Secretary of State since 1886, and up to his recent death at the age of eighty-two the greatest living authority on international proceedure and diplomatic intercourse.

Mr. Adee was the complete diplomat, the one permanent Undersecretary. Since the office of Second Assistant Secretary of State was created in 1866 there have been twenty-five Secretaries of State, twenty-four Assistant Secretaries, and seventeen Third Assistant Secretaries, a few of whom have served in two or three administrations. In that time there have been two Second Assistant Secretaries—William Hunter of Rhode Island, who served until his death in 1886, and Alvey Augustus Adee.

Administrations came and went, but Mr. Adee remained. He was a very present help in time of trouble in official Washington, and the infallible referee whether the point at issue was the extradition of a criminal, the seating of guests at a state dinner, the recognition of a foreign government, the border line in diplomatic communications at which friendly relations became unfriendly, the wording of a Thanksgiving proclamation, or the exact degree of rejoicing or regret to be expressed by the President of the United States in notes of congratulation or condolence to the heads of foreign governments.

MR. ADEE wrote every kind of treaty, convention, and protocol. He was the only man who could write a despatch which President Cleveland would sign without altering, and he was credited with having originated the phrase, "administrative entity," incorporated in Secretary Hay's famous Chinese note. For more than half a century it was his duty to guard against any expression in the correspondence of this government with foreign powers which might violate American policies or create a precedent which might arise to embarrass the next generation of American diplomats.

He had served with twelve Presidents since 1870, and twenty Secretaries of State had hastily and fervently declined to accept his resignation, submitted in due form with every change of administration.

UP to and including his seventy-third year his spare, erect, little figure, in gray knickerbockers and Norfolk jacket, a Scotch cap pulled over his eyes, was a familiar sight as he pedaled slowly along on his bicycle. Annually for twenty years he made a bicycle tour of Europe. He knew the roads and villages of France from one end of the country to the other.

On these tours Mr. Adee traveled thousands of miles and scrapped a dozen bicycles. The last one he lost in Paris in 1914 while getting out of Europe after the outbreak of the war.

He had gone abroad in June as delegate to the International Conference on Spitzbergen, and the war found him in France. He crossed to England and, after many delays, arrived in New York early in September. During the period of America's neutrality, with its attendant voluminous note writing, Mr. Adee passed upon every message the administration was inspired to send.

Only shortly before his death did he give up canoeing, which was, next to bicycling, his favorite recreation. After diplomacy his special interests were photography, entomology, and microscopy. He never married.

Of Scotch ancestry, Mr. Adee was born November 27, 1842, in Astoria, New York, the son of Augustus A. Adee, U. S. N., and Amelia Kinnaird (Graham).

As his first diplomatic post he was appointed

Secretary of Legation at Madrid, Spain, where he served for seven years, during which time, while acting as Chargé d'Affaires, he was instrumental in effecting the capture and return to the United States of "Boss" Tweed, whose presence at Vigo, Spain, he discovered and reported to Hamilton Fish, then Secretary of State. For his activity in this case Mr. Adee received great praise. In July, 1877, he was transferred to Washington and detailed for duty in the State Department. In June of the following year, he became chief of the Diplomatic Bureau, and in July, 1882, he was appointed Third Assistant Secretary of State, which office he held for four years before being promoted to the post he held up to the time of his death.

TWICE Mr. Adee acted as Secretary of State, the first time during the diplomatic entanglements incident to the war with Spain, when Judge William R. Day, then Secretary of State, designated him to act in the interval between Judge Day's resignation to assume his duties on the Paris Peace Commission and the arrival of his successor, the late John Hay, from the American Embassy at London. Mr. Adee served as Acting Secretary of State during the latter part of September, 1898, and he was present at the signing of the Peace Protocols between the United States and Spain. Again, in the summer of 1900, during an acute stage of the Boxer troubles in China, he was called upon to act during Mr. Hay's illness and absence from Washington.

The following tribute to Mr. Adee appears in William Roscoe Thayer's Life and Letters of John Hay:

"He was the master of both the language and the practice of diplomacy. He could draw up note, memorandum, protocol, or instructions, not merely in just the right words, but with the indefinable tone of courtesy or coldness which the occasion required. His knowledge of American diplomatic history was unrivaled. His capacity for work, like his cheerfulness, never ran out. Though it took sometimes six and a half hours to 'shovel through' the morning's mail, and fifty-five minutes to sign the official correspondence, he could still close a letter to his absent chief with the salutation, 'Fatiguedly but always chipperly yours.' Hay called him 'semper paratus Adee.' An invaluable man."

"Adee would make a good Bible," Mr. Hay once said, with a chuckle. "He can begin at the Creation, tell me just how everything has been done in the past, and wind up with instructing me in my duties as head of the Department. And the beauty of it is that I know I shan't go far astray if I follow him."

EVEN greater reliance was placed upon the "invaluable man" by Philander C. Knox, who brought to the office of Secretary of State much legal knowledge but less of the history and practice of diplomacy.

During the Taft administration, in the days following the Chinese rebellion, Secretary Knox once sent for Mr. Adee to determine the status of China with regard to possible recognition of the new government by the United States.

Mr. Adee came in with his ear trumpet, seated himself, and began to talk. In his right hand he held a small memorandum made up of a few dates. Secretary Knox gazed upon him in astonishment and looked past him to the door, through which he expected to follow a procession of messengers bearing volumes of reference from the department library. None entered. Mr. Adee proceeded with his subject. He recited in detail the case of Brazil when a provisional government was established. He took up and disposed of the French Revolution, Empire, and Republic, and the policy established by the action of the United States in relation thereto. He carefully explained every question of the recognition of new governments and states from 1792 up to the case in point, and followed up with convincing arguments the suggestions he then offered as to the proper course to be pursued.

Convinced of the soundness of Mr. Adee's recommendations, but believing it to be wholly impossible that his memory could retain so many facts, Secretary Knox made a personal study of the matter, only to find that every statement Mr. Adee had made—they had been taken down by a stenographer—was correct to the last detail.

Educated by private tutors because of the deafness with which he was afflicted from childhood and which prevented his attending school or college, Mr. Adee spoke with fluency French, German, Italian, and Spanish. In 1885 he received from Yale the degree of Master of Arts in recognition not only of his diplomatic achievements but of his scholarly attainments. He was an accomplished literary critic and a recognized authority on Shakespeare.

His favorite book was Alice in Wonderland. Quotations from Alice frequently pointed the moral and adorned the notes written in red and black ink, in his own handwriting, on the little slips of paper attached to letters which he returned for correction or to be redrafted.

He had a sense of humor which survived triumphant over half a century spent in guiding his official superiors through situations with which, all too frequently, they were wholly unprepared to deal.

At times, however, even a sense of humor fails, and Mr. Adee was possessed of a temper every one in the department learned to respect. But it should be stated at once that it was a portrait of the Bey of Tunis and not, as is sometimes mistakenly alleged, of a departed Secretary of State at which Mr. Adee once threw a piece of custard pie.

The portrait of the Bey, presented by himself in 1865, hung for many years in the office of the Second Assistant Secretary. He returned one day in a towering rage after a trying morning spent with a prominent department official. Before the storm had time to subside a messenger entered with the modest luncheon sent in for Mr. Adee each day. He was a new employé and he failed to recognize the situation. He placed the offering, which included a cut of custard pie, before his chief. Finding it unregarded, he spoke, and then, lucklessly, to attract Mr. Adee's attention, he twitched his sleeve.

Mr. Adee turned, glared, saw the tray before him, and with violence hurled it over his shoulder. The pie caught his highness in portraiture squarely amidships, with direful results. The portrait now adorns the room in which newspaper correspondents await their daily interview with the Secretary of State.

IN Washington, and especially in the State Department, Mr. Adee was an institution. On the fortieth anniversary of his service he was presented by the personnel with a loving cup, and when in 1920 he rounded out his half century he received an ovation in which every one from the President down participated.

Up to the last he loved his joke. It was this human quality that was his most endearing trait. Not many weeks ago the chief of the division of manuscripts in the Library of Congress said to him:

"There is a provision of law which entitles us to withdraw from the departments all ancient, historical, and no longer useful material."

"Well, if that is so," replied Mr. Adee, "you will have to take me along, too."

But the fact that no one in Washington would have agreed with him is attested by the deep sorrow with which his loss has been mourned.

THE END

BRIGHT SAYINGS of CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

A Different Kind of Aunt

Buddy saw an anthill for the first time. When told in answer to the question put to his nurse girl, "What are all those little things?" that they were ants, he was quite perplexed. He pondered over it and looked and looked at the ants. Finally he said in deep amazement, "My aunts is not like them. Is they some little boy's aunts?"—Mrs. J. Z., Chicago.

* * *

"True—After All"

Evelyn had followed her father to the cow pens to watch him milk. Mother had missed her and was searching for her. As she neared the pens she heard the baby crying. "What on earth is the matter, dear?" mother asked. The answer came between sobs, "Dat old tow ticked me in de eye wif her tail."—J. M. H., Ballinger, Tex.

He Qualified as Manager

Bobbie was just old enough to think and play baseball with the smaller chaps. His dad had him in a sporting goods store.

The youngster wanted a mask and glove, but was given a choice of a bat and glove or just a mask.

"Well," was the youngster's response, "I can't be a catcher with a glove and bat, and I can't catch without a mask.

"Say, daddy, I'll take the glove and bat, then I'll be manager of the team."—L. J. J., Dubuque, Ia.

No Star Spangled Banner!

Jack went to visit his little friends who had been taught to rise whenever their mother entered the room. The first time she entered they motioned to Jack to rise also, which he did. The second time he did it very reluctantly and the third time refused to get up. After their mother had left the room the boys took him to task for not rising, and he, still believing himself to be right, said: "What do you think! Your mother ain't the Star Spangled Banner!"—D. B., Yonkers, N. Y.

$1,000 FOR TONGUE TWISTERS—SEE PAGE 41

Perfectly Willing

Little Thomas is not allowed to play with the bellows hanging beside the big fireplace, although he often covets the article as a toy. One morning as his mother was using the bellows to blow a lazy fire into flame, Thomas stood by, eager to get his little hands on the bellows, and finally said, in his most obliging tone, "Mamma, if you are tired, I will do your bellowing for you."—S. M. B.

* * *

The Noise of Keeping Still

Betty had been disobeying her mother, so she was sent upstairs until she could come down and behave like a lady. After five or ten minutes she came down and said, "Mother, did you hear any noise upstairs?" Mother said, "No." "Well," the child replied, "That was me keeping still!"—M. G., Hampton, N. J.

Always on their Toes

Queenie Smith
WHITE PHOTO

Albertina Vitali
APEDA PHOTO

ALTHOUGH American playgoers, as a rule, care little for the ballet, jazz steps to classical motifs are growing more popular. Above you will observe Vanessi (Vanessi Jardeniere), born on an Arizona ranch less than twenty years ago. Present address, *Innocent Eyes*, Winter Garden, New York. At left, Queenie Smith of *Sitting Pretty;* at right, Albertina Vitali, formerly of Chicago, who enlivened *Peg-'o-My-Dreams.*

Millions *in* Flames

HERE is what a forest fire really looks like at close range. Not such a terrible spectacle, but a few minutes after the picture was taken the men were forced to flee for their lives. The scene is the Saw Mill Mountain district in California, where a series of great forest fires recently devastated thousands of acres of timber land, whose valuation ran into millions of dollars. In the photograph the fire fighters are attempting to check the spread of the flames at a clearing.

At the left, you glimpse another unusual picture—of four athletes somersaulting simultaneously. Their feat was performed at Brighton Beach, Long Island. It looks as if one of them needed more gas.

Photos by International and P. & A.

Yesterday Romance, Today Machines! Has the Mystic Fascination of the Sea and of Its Floating Forts Vanished Forever? Here Is a New Kind of Sea Story by an Authority

Over these men and their lives memory spreads an indefinable something which we call "color."

TAKING *the* COLOR OUT *of the* NAVY

By ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS TURNBULL

Pictures by ANTON OTTO FISCHER

COMMANDER TURNBULL is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, and served in the Navy until after the close of the World War. During the war he commanded an escort division on the French Coast, taking convoys into port through the submarine zone. Later he served on the staff of Admiral Sims at the United States Naval Headquarters in London. He is the author of a number of articles on American naval affairs, as well as many stories of the sea.

"INCREASE speed thirty revolutions! Right rudder! Course, 237 degrees! Numbers three and five turrets stand by for salvo!"

These are not the orders for any known maneuver of a gallant frigate in battle. To hear this group from the mouth of a naval officer would doubtless make the shades of John Paul Jones, Hull, and Bainbridge shiver in agony. Were they to meet today in ghostly conclave about the cabin table of a "seventy-four," it is a safe wager that they would raise their glasses of disembodied port or negus, not to the navy as it is, but as it used to be!

It is not, indeed, really necessary to invoke the spirits of these gentlemanly captains of more than a hundred years ago to get an impression very like this imagined conclusion of theirs. At this moment there are plenty of men whose memory goes behind the days when a "White Squadron" was believed by all to mark an advance in naval armaments beyond which the world was not likely to go. In their times limitations were considered to be no matter of international diplomacy and three or four cornered treaties; they were thought to be a question of the bounds of science and invention. The twentieth century navy was quite outside their dreams.

Steam forty years ago was, of course, spreading slowly over the seas, usurping control of trade and driving the sailing merchantman into port. But steam was still auxiliary to canvas, helpful to carry the ship across belts of calm, but shut down when the breeze sprang up once more.

Young men of those days, enlisting as bluejackets, still spent months of their first cruises on board such old square riggers as the Lancaster, manning sheets and clewlines, holystoning teak decks that were already spotless, or standing helmsman watch when it took six men to hold the ship's head upon the course.

Midshipmen at the Naval Academy still spent their summers away from their books, "working" such stately old windjammers as the Monongahela from Annapolis to the Azores and back.

At two o'clock on a black, windy morning, the midshipmen watch below might be "broken out" of its collective hammocks; with, perhaps, not even a pair of white trousers over cotton pajamas, with the icy rain hammering down upon them, the watch scrambled up the rigging to take a single or a double reef in the topsails—no landsman's job, as any one who has ever tackled it can cheerfully testify.

THERE is, of course, no question of the physical effect upon the youth of that navy. Steady work, full rations, and days and nights in the clean, pleasant smell of hemp and tar made them as hard as the belaying pins clustered about the foot of the mainmast. But mentally, too, these sailors had to be on their toes. When the "Old Man" slept down in his cabin, and was of a type apt to be as convincingly vehement over a failure to warn him as over an unnecessary calling, it took judgment on the part of the watch officer to know when to shorten sail, or to recognize, at sight, that particular squall banking on the black horizon which might "blow the sticks out of her."

The watch officer had to think fast, and think right; he had to have in his watch men who, in the words of the day, were all "neat, forehanded topmen"; men who could find any piece of running gear with their eyes shut, fling it off its cleat or pin, lead it out along the deck, and "run away with it" almost be-

fore the order had been shouted. Over these men and their lives, from truck to keel, from the tip of the bowsprit to the end of the chip log line, towing astern, memory spreads an indefinable something made up of an appeal to all the five senses, an intangible quality which, for want of a better term, we call "color."

STEAM, singing in a half opened throttle valve, is not without its picturesqueness. Machinery has a thousand voices; pumps run easily or labor heavily; eccentric sheaves slide smoothly in a bath of oil or squeal with hot pain; shafts spin merrily or with a recurring bump that speaks plainly of something out of line. The trained ear recognizes these several notes instantly, the practiced hand moves quickly to make adjustments that will bring back the steady, humming chorus of perfect performance.

But, though brain and hand may control, the work itself is purely mechanical; elements outside the ship have little or nothing to do with her progress. The appeal here is to a sense, not of color but of power.

If a commander, by touching a bell, can maneuver forty thousand tons, he commands, no doubt, a marvel of invention — but does he command a ship?

Coming down to today, we have what technical minds call a "post-Jutland battleship." More particularly, as applied to our own navy, the term means a heavily armored, hugely gunned, electrically driven floating fortress.

To visit one of these, such as the Colorado or the West Virginia, anchored in the Hudson River, or moored at a navy yard dock, is to be stirred with an impression totally different from anything known to Decatur and Somers, to Farragut and Porter, or even to Sampson and Dewey.

It is a thrill, but it is not the thrill to be got from Dana, Clark Russell, or Captain Marryat.

TALL towers, still known as masts, reach into the air, but not a foot of them ever grew in a mountain forest. They carry no tapering yards, but a single bar of thin steel whose only suggestion of running-rigging is found in the signal halyard blocks hanging from the under side.

About the mastheads are built good sized rooms which from the outside look like nothing so much as chicken coops, although within they are a maze of wiring, telephone headpieces, buzzers, and indicators which make them properly equipped fire control stations. Between them stretches an aerial ready to pick instantaneous radio orders from half way around the world, to bring reports of distant gales as yet scarcely blowing, or rumors of political upheavals as yet scarcely born in the minds of their leaders.

From tiers of turret guns sixty or seventy feet long and of fifteen or sixteen inches bore one gets an undoubted feeling of awe. One looks at a shell which weighs something like a ton and one thinks of what it must do to a target. Then one examines the powerful motors for training or elevating to a fraction of a degree, at the ammunition hoists and telescopes, the scores of precision instruments with which the turrets are fitted; one listens to a discourse upon the instruction and drill given gun pointers and turret crews to enable them to follow every motion of sea, wind, or enemy twenty thousand yards away; one is reminded that aircraft, perhaps five thousand feet up and ten miles off, will give an instant report of where each shell falls, that corrections for range, for deflection, even for variations in powder temperature, will be applied in a mere matter of five or six seconds; and one may be forgiven for wondering how the guns can ever miss.

One has a vision of half-stripped men, straining at tackles to "run in" a broadside gun until powder and round shot can be rammed down its hot throat.

PERHAPS one has a vision of half stripped men straining at tackles to "run in" a broadside gun until powder and round shot can be rammed down its hot throat, a picture of more pulling and hauling until the gun bears, and finally a picture of the quarter gunner standing at the breech and blowing upon his torch while he waits for the roll of the ship to bring him "on." Yesterday—color; today—power.

Along broad decks, through narrow passages, and up countless steel ladders one moves forward to see the bridge from which the great bulk is handled and commanded. When it is reached at last it is a deckhouse of many windows. Far below it lies the forecastle — for that jackstaff is clearly the bow and those are

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BOURJOIS

August sunshine is no friend to daintiness — but fragrant MANON LESCAUT* Face Powder bestows cool beauty at every touch of the powder puff—soothing the skin and keeping it from harm.

This refreshingness of all Bourjois' creations accounts for the myriad of women who adore them—in summer and all other seasons.

For a sample of MANON LESCAUT Face Powder and Bourjois' unique little book of beauty, "What Every Woman Does NOT Know," send 18c with the coupon below.

545 B

Manon Lescaut Face Powder, fine, adherent. Perfumed exquisitely. In white, Rose, Flesh and Brunette, Peaches* Powder and Peaches-and-Cream* Powder. Also Manon Lescaut perfume and toilet water.

83

Ashes of Roses* (Dark and Rich) or Mandarine* (Light and Bright) in gold-decorated leatherette cases with rich ball-top puffs.

No. 83. Pocket size with puff.
No. 84. Boudoir size with puff.
No. 85. Professional size, no puff.

650 B

Talcum Powder. Smooth, light, exquisitely fragant. In handsome metal container.

Bourjois
MANON LESCAUT
Face Powder

**Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

A. BOURJOIS & CO., Inc.,
43 West 34th Street,
NEW YORK PARIS

Enclosed is 18c. Send me sample box of MANON LESCAUT White ☐ Naturelle ☐ Rose ☐ Rachel ☐ Peaches* ☐ Peaches-and-Cream* ☐

(Check powder wanted) and 1 free copy of "What Every Woman Does Not Know."

Name .....

Address..... City.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

certainly anchor cables stretched along the deck. But what bull throated watch officer could reach that forecastle with a bellowed order to man the capstan and heave up the anchor?

The watch officer does not try to do it. Instead he quietly moves a little handle; instantly what he wants to say pops up upon a dial beside the cathead for the complete information of the boatswain. While the cable is grumbling in through the hawse pipe a telephone report will reach the watch officer, notifying him that the main engines are ready; a radiophone order from the flagship may be whispered crisply into his ear; a gyro compass, caring little or nothing for the penknife in the messenger's pocket or for the magnetic north pole, tells just how the ship is heading.

"Left, ten degrees," may be the first order. But it will not be followed by any spinning of a wheel, or by any cranking of wheel ropes; of these there is no sign. Not even the hiss of steam in a steering engine will reach the watch officer's ears. Instead, a mere glorified motorman, standing behind such a controller as may be seen in any trolley car ashore, will carry out the order by a mere twitch of the controller handle, to be followed by the reproduction, in another indicator, of the proper rudder angle. A noiseless motor, decks below, will do the work.

NO doubt it is true that the change from "starboard" and "port" to "right" and "left" has been a good one. In the old days a helmsman must needs remember that at the order "Starboard!" he must spin his wheel to the *left;* that this will be followed by the helm, or tiller, moving to the *right;* and this, in turn, by a rudder angle to the left, and by the ship's head swinging to port. In other words, such an order involved a mental operation by the helmsman; today "Right!" merely means "Push that handle to the right!"—the rest happens, as it were, with no mental and no real physical effort on the part of the helmsman. Practical—yes; but—picturesque? Hardly.

From the bridge one may look aft and see a great steel tube projecting above the deck. To move over to it and throw back its cover is to be able to gaze down through who knows how many decks. Is it, perhaps, an ammunition hoist, to feed those small guns whose muzzles, searching for hostile planes, point straight into the air? Not at all. Its mouth is directly under the signal yard; it is nothing less than a means of making signals in battle. Safely housed below, the signal force, busy with flags, need have no fear of a stray splinter torn out by some enemy's shell which may have found its mark upon the superstructure.

Looking at that tube, will one not recall some incident of history in which men clambered through the smoke of battle to the sheerpole, swarmed aloft to the yards, and loosed that extra bit of canvas which meant getting across the enemy's bows, and, at "biscuit toss" range, raking him fore and aft? There were no steel tubes then, but there were plenty of splinters.

PERHAPS one is sufficiently interested to want a look below. Down, then, to the "working platform" of the engine room. Here is an array of bright levers, suggesting nothing so much as the train dispatcher's tower in a great railroad terminal. One pair must lock automatically before another can be moved; each pair has the solemn function of "energizing a motor field," "reversing the flow of current," or producing some other more or less abstruse effect at a point which cannot be seen from the levers, but from which results are instantaneously reported by the significant fluttering of gauge fingers in a score of ammeters, wattmeters, galvanometers, and the like. Even a call for more steam upon the turbines which drive the dynamos to generate electricity for the shaft motors does not mean sending to the fire rooms for the chief water tender in charge of the watch; the chief is standing not five feet away.

Before the chief is a row of indicators which tell him not that grimy men are breaking their dripping backs over a slice bar, but that six, eight or a dozen burners are spitting a gallon or two less than the right amount of fuel oil into the fire-boxes. He stares at a row of U-tube air pressure gauges, one of which informs him that number three forced draft blower should be making another fifty revolutions per minute; he touches a button—the thing is done. To say nothing of the man of topsail days, will not even the "sailor in steam" come up from below filled with wonder that is tinged with sadness?

SCATTERED about the broad decks are whole navies of men—enough to man four or five frigates. They are intent upon shining brightwork, filling recoil cylinders, disassembling motors, or overhauling breech plugs; not one seems to be working in rope, except perhaps a single messman who is making a deck swab from canvas. True, if they are at leisure they may be indulging in that time honored game of the sea—pinochle upon a gun chest.

They all look young—there will not be a beard on any of them; clearly they are well fed, clean, and intelligent. This last they must be, for they live and move in a world of complicated mechanism whose masters—mental masters—they must be.

These modern sailors keep fit by punching a bag—or, perhaps, one another—out on the forecastle, by ball games and track meets ashore, by grilling three mile pulling races for the Battenberg or some other cup, afloat. Some of them still chew tobacco. Doubtless they do not miss a daily ration of grog, because neither they nor their older, rougher predecessors of other generations ever had one; but somehow they suggest that they might enjoy such a libation.

They still sleep in hammocks, still lash and carry their bedding—with "seven turns 'n' marline hitches"—to stow it in the nettings for the day. But the whisper has gone forth that soon there will be no more hammocks.

Ashore, these men are the same easy going, open handed spenders—marks for every unprincipled exploiter. Physically they can, singly or in a body, give a most excellent account of themselves anywhere in the world; perhaps the camera slung over the shoulder still thumps, sometimes upon a tattooed anchor or a blood dripping dagger; perhaps the souvenir post card is still mailed to some black eyed belle on the other side of the world; but somehow it is not easy to picture one of these men astride a yardarm, outside the cock's comb, calmly passing a reef earing while one instant finds him tossed to heaven, the next finds him plunged into the green water.

With the officers it is not very different. A few, whose service and memory reach backward, still cling to tradition. The rest, perforce, have yielded to tangent and logarithm, to microphone and torsion meter. Only constant study enables them to keep up with the progress of their profession.

THE navy is an impressive organization. Its officers and men understand a multitude of jobs. The next time they are needed they will be at hand and ready. One may—indeed, one must—hope that Congress will permit them to take their proper place as the equal in strength of any navy afloat.

But as for color—their "J-V 2" telephone circuits, their synchronizing tachometers, and their change-of-range clocks would stagger the credulity and cripple the imagination of that same romantic old shade—cocked-hatted, tail-coated Commodore John Paul Jones.

One may, perhaps, put it in the words of the old timer who, following his visit to the very latest of battleships, stood upon the dock, and, after a long look at her, remarked:

"Smart as hell—but 'tain't seagoing!"

THE END

Smart Styles for Large and Small

By PATRICIA

OF major importance in looking your best and gaining the reputation of being the smartest dressed, or at least one of the smartest dressed, women in your community, is in knowing your style.

There's the tall, regal-appearing woman who should never try to affect cute clothes. Generally speaking, this woman should also overlook novelty effects. Her clothes must have an appearance of importance and elegance.

Every one knows the petite type of woman whom you never consider quite grown-up and who loves life and gaiety. Her clothes are always of the very feminine type. She likes ruffles, curls and dainty feminine furbelows. While there are other types that may also affect the bouffant mode, the style belongs to her.

Then there's the jolly stout woman who is forever laughing and is such excellent company. But she doesn't laugh at clothes. She takes these quite seriously and she's clever enough to know that she must always choose long lines.

The popular bouffant type of dress is seen in No. 2097. You'll like it in taffetas, silk crêpe or organdy over a silk slip. The pattern for No. 2097 can be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material.

The popular use of plaits and lines both suitable for the regal type and the stout woman is shown in No. 1957. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch material with 1⅝ yards 24-inch contrasting. Made of plain or printed silk, linen or voile, it would be most attractive.

Striped tub silk used both on the length and width of the material makes this good-looking dress, seen in No. 2140. The pattern comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36 inch material.

Made in an English cotton print, cretonne, voile or a summer silk, No. 2071 would be lovely. The pattern can be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch material with 2¼ yards of binding.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

PATRICIA PATTERNS
P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City

Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

Pattern number Size Price

.....
.....
.....
.....

NAME .....
STREET .....
CITY .....STATE.....

HOW TO ORDER PATRICIA PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

The Chic Chapeau *and the Scarf Join Hands*

BOTH TEXT AND PICTURES BY

MAUDE MARTIN ELLIS

AS a final captivating touch of color and grace to the long, straight, boyish lines of the present mode Parisian designers offer the hat and scarf of like material.

For sport, street, and garden wear the colors used in these hat and scarf combinations range from the brightest red, yellow, blue, purple, and orange to the soft pastel shades and black and white. All give that zippy effect of life and snap recognized the world over as chic.

The latest Parisian masterpiece of design, completing a modest gown or tailored suit, with color concentrated in the hat and scarf, is not only extremely attractive, but economical. One white gown and two or three sets of hats and scarfs take the place of several costumes.

The red and yellow combination pictured above is intended for street or sports wear and is surprisingly becoming to all types. The materials used are yellow charmeuse and red silk crêpe, which would be harmonious if worn with French blue or plain black.

The emeraude green at the right is fashioned of sheer georgette and would be fitting for street or garden. The weightier material of the band and bows about the crown of the hat was used cunningly to end the scarf lengths.

WE HEED THE SCHOOL GIRL IN HER EARLY TEENS

by Corinne Lowe

PERHAPS the most acute of all growing pains is that connected with clothes. Yet clothes consciousness is inevitable to the girl in her early teens. Above all, she mustn't be disturbed by any sense of difference between her attire and that of her schoolmates.

All such sentiments are heightened on that thrilling day when for the first time she sets off for boarding school. And it is toward the problem of suggesting a wardrobe for the schoolgirl of from thirteen to seventeen that I am directing the accompanying illustrations. Needless to say, they are quite as applicable to the high school pupil.

At the lower left you will see a sports costume composed of a green flannel skirt combined with a delightful plaid jacket. The latter is distinguished by patch pockets through the flap of which is run a narrow green suede belt. The hat of unbound felt is also green.

Sports clothes are the basis of the schoolgirl's wardrobe. Middy blouses; separate skirts in both linen and heavy material; sweaters and sports jacket; felt hats—an outfit including these must be supplemented by several sports frocks in linen, English broadcloth, tub silk, or perhaps crêpe. The latter may be divided in sentiment between the familiar straight line one piece type and the equally familiar two piece or garçonne mode.

The tailored twill or rep also has its undisputed place in the schoolgirl's wardrobe. Sometimes she may choose to wear it to classes and sometimes it is decorative enough to be donned for the Saturday when she is chaperoned into town. Between the everyday and the holiday spirit the navy model of twill shown here makes a tactful compromise.

This frock is trimmed with bands of red embroidery. But a more arresting feature is centered upon the fullness of the front skirt section, associated as it is with a fitted back. Fullness in the front! Severe plainness in the back! Here is a pronouncement of early fall modes affecting coats, frocks, and skirts.

To the slender young girl the coat with a cape is always becoming. Such accustomed recommendation is this year reinforced by another. There is a hint of the Directoire in autumn modes. This hint brings with it not necessarily the raised waistline but minor details of this period. The shoulder cape, the deep cuff, revers—all are encountered.

At the top we show a velour coat with two of such shoulder capes, each of which is lined in vivid scarlet. Again you encounter the plain back—this time with a fullness at the sides, defined by inverted cartridge plaits. In connection with this coat for the excursion into town the girl should have a heavy sports coat in either fur or cloth.

In addition to the one or two simple little crêpe frocks—preferably straight line and adorned only with plaits—which will be needed for dinner and for the theater, there is always the inevitable dance frock. Our suggestion is a little yellow georgette trimmed with sprays of silver flowers, and I feel that this model is charming enough to please even the critical spirit of the early teens.

Above—A velour coat with two shoulder capes, each lined in vivid scarlet. At left—A little yellow georgette trimmed with sprays of silver flowers—a dance frock suitable for dinner and for the theater.

Below—A sports costume composed of a green flannel skirt combined with a delightful plaid jacket, the latter distinguished by patch pockets. At right—A navy model of twill trimmed with bands of red embroidery. Here the fullness is in the front and severe plainness in the back.

The Code of Death

SHE was his wife, AND HE HAD SENTENCED HER TO DEATH! To be shot down by a firing squad!

This is the situation without parallel that confronts Otto Thalheimer, President of the New German Republic, in the opening scene of Ben Hecht's latest and most extraordinary literary creation, a thriller among thrillers entitled THE CODE OF DEATH.

"A little volley in the corner of Moabit prison, hardly loud enough to wake a robin, and Madame Kora Thalheimer is finis," said Count von Stenka, the Iron Man of the New Germany. "Come, Otto, be a man! She tried to assassinate you!"

"But—I love her!" Thalheimer said.

Intriguing Bits from The Code of Death

A sadness flooded him. This fragile little nobleman, Von Stenka, was more mysterious than everything else put together.

An almost nothing of a man with a monocle and womanish eyes and little white teeth always shining in a smile. The only thing one noticed about him was that he had red hair and sideburns and that he wore a jade bracelet on his right wrist. That such a man should be able to know so much—to make so much happen!

Von Stenka went on:

"I'm through talking about it, do you understand? I'll put an end to Kora now, right here. There is no more talk of pardons. I will not tolerate it. A vicious, murdering creature, as unprincipled as Satan and as beautiful as sin. And the backbone of the last three communist plots to overthrow you."

Von Stenka's thoughts continued behind the wary mask of his face. He, Von Stenka, the ludicrous catspaw of a plot! He whose strange soul had woven so many webs about the feet and brains of others—he who was the "Unknown One," the mysterious omniscience behind the kidnapings, treacheries, assassinations, and other enigmatic diversions which had illumined the post-war politics of the republic!

A Three Part Mystery Story By Ben Hecht

Sample It Here and Start It in Next Week's

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

"Back. Back!" the crazy loon was saying. "Down you go—where you come from!"

The ROOF HOPPERS

Final Installment of a Stirring Serial of Life, Love, and Adventure On the Roof Tops of New York.

By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

Pictures by DONALD TEAGUE

The Quavering Song of a Kidnaped Girl in Peril of Death Spells Defeat for Dickie the Gentleman and His Crafty Plotting

MATT BANGOR ran down the promenade of the bridge, leaned out over the high, round iron railing above the roof top—the stage where the tragedy of the puppets had just been played. There was nothing to be seen there—no sign of what had happened. The two or three pigeons on the top of the crude little loft sat still, contented, a symbol of peace. In the wreckage of automobiles piled in the high board inclosure at the side not a glimpse of the fallen body of Joe the Petman could be seen.

"What'll we do?" said the voice of the kid back of him.

"Wait," said the rigger, looking down, and then back on the bridge.

Inside and above, the street cars and trucks and automobiles passed beyond the iron lattices in the roadways by scores, by hundreds—in a continuous jarring, roaring stream. But outside, along the lonely promenade, there was only one passenger walking, far over toward the western end. They had the whole place to themselves—as lonely as a desert.

"Sha'n't we run down around?" the boy was asking. "Try and get in from the street?"

"A fat chance," said the rigger, looking the sides of the warehouse over—sealed up with those cast iron shutters like a can. "By the time we broke in there or found somebody to let us in—what do you think would have happened to her—if she's there!"

Even the boy saw it.

"Come on. Hurry!" said Matt Bangor, hoarse with just thinking about it.

"Where?"

"We've got to get down on that roof. Down through that bulkhead. Take a chance!" said the rigger—starting on a run now back to that stone balcony where they had stood. They kept a lot of their repair gear—for the men that worked on the bridges—there in that fine grand Italian looking balcony which nobody ever stepped upon.

THERE was some rope there which belonged to Matt's own gang that was working still, over where he had been that morning, out beyond the tower at the other end of the bridge. They had left the stuff there last week when they moved away from here.

"Come along," he said to the boy. For he thought he might need him to clear the rope. But it cleared all right, and they dragged it back to where they wanted it. It was too long—but it would do. Besides, the rigger thought he might need more rope when he got over on the roof.

They were all alone—still with only that one solitary passenger coming from the West—almost there!

Matt Bangor stood up, leaned over, looked down. The roof of the warehouse was probably twenty-five feet underneath the promenade, and about twenty feet out—over the narrow roadway. He could get there, perhaps, himself—swinging at the end of the rope. It wouldn't be too easy, though. And it would take plenty of time. And then he thought, naturally, of the boy.

"Listen," he said to him. "You see that chimney there—on this side? All right. Now, I'm going to swing you over there; and you take a turn of the rope around the chimney—and hold it, and then I'll come."

For he saw that would be the simplest. He could swing the boy over—a light weight like that; and then he'd slide down himself—right to the roof, when the boy had fastened the thing there.

"Wait a second," he said. The solitary foot passenger went by—a foreigner—never looking up, and left them alone.

"Now then," said Bangor.

He let him over, set him swinging, landed him on the roof—keeping watch all the time

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CHILDREN CRY FOR

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

Chas. H. Fletcher.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of

Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

A Force For Betterment

—that has made America the best place to live in all the world,

—that has given us a wider range of food enjoyment,

—that has made *homes* of our *houses* and given us many conveniences to save time and labor,

—that has contributed to personal hygiene,

—that has given the average consumer things that would have been otherwise prohibitively costly to him.

This force for betterment is national advertising. It is represented every week in the advertising columns of Liberty.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

to see if they had any spectators. But there wasn't one. Underneath, the bridge was as empty as an old cave. There was nothing watching, as far as Matt Bangor could make out, but those two or three pigeons on the roof which flew up when the boy arrived, and settled down again while he was taking the turn around the chimney. He gave him plenty of slack for this, and more, thinking he might likely need it later.

Then Bangor fastened the rope to the bridge rail and slid down after him himself. No one looking yet, so far as he could see. And he watched, naturally, everywhere he could think of. It would be a bad place to be caught alone—by a gang of Dog Catchers, for instance. More than one man had been run off a roof where he didn't belong and wasn't welcome—without notice to his relatives! Every Roof Hopper in the city knew that.

He stood there on the roof, looking around for a second; listening. There was nothing that he could see—either on that roof or any other, or anywhere underneath the dingy cave under the bridge whose brown floor beams now showed above him. He tried the door in the bulkhead. It was locked!

The rigger stood still, with his hand upon the iron handle of the sliding, iron-covered fireproof door, his face set.

"This is not so good!" he said, half aloud.

HE had played his bet, and he seemed now to have lost all the way through. He had banked on that Scissors Bill Trade—that scheme that would keep the stolen girl safe and guarantee her return from any professional blackmailer, no matter how desperate.

He had worked his plan with the birds to locate the criminal—had traced him across all the unnumbered roofs of the city to this one roof! And now the man, the professional criminal whose motives he had counted and depended on, was dead!

The play now—and the girl, without doubt—was in the hands of this first man's murderer, unknown but desperate, evidently eccentric, unbalanced; probably, from what he had just seen, one of those most deadly of all criminals—the amateur in crime—nervous, uncertain, hysterical! Perhaps, even, like so many of the amateur criminals today, a dope fiend! And here he was—and this boy—on the top of this roof—locked out! Not even sure the girl they were after was in that building underneath.

He passed to the side of the warehouse and looked down at the blind iron shutters that sealed the place up entirely. They were all closed that he could see.

"Matt, come here!" he heard the whisper of the boy beyond him, at the eastern coping. "Here's one that's open, just a little!" he whispered when the rigger had tiptoed over.

It was down two stories—one shutter, just open, and that was all! But it might be, it probably would be a sign that there was somebody down there. If there was anybody in the building, they would very likely want to have some light.

HE listened; and he couldn't seem to hear anything. A train rolled by over the bridge floor above them, filling the brown cavern underneath it with its roar and clatter. He listened again when it was gone. And he thought then he could hear something, a voice, a man's voice, begging, crying, whining—like the voice of a poor loony or a dope fiend.

The rigger's face hardened—the face of a man making a last and desperate decision. He leaned over the edge of the coping and, softly, very softly, gave the peculiar low call—the call that the boy, the young Roof Hopper, Matt Bangor, had given to the girl, Angelique Lefavour, across the break which had separated their roofs in those years before.

He leaned out, listening — not daring to repeat the call. If she heard it once, she would recognize it; he hoped, from its softness, she only would hear it. If he repeated it, others might hear it, too. He listened. The whining, chattering male voice ceased — went on — ceased.

Then, finally, after a hell of waiting, Matt Bangor heard the sound of a voice—a woman's voice, sharp and pleading. He listened—frozen in his place—a dozen impulses fighting in him for action—but held down. For it was the voice of Angelique Lefavour! Then, all at once, she was singing that old song he had heard a thousand times—*La Belle Dame aux Colombes* — that old sentimental song, her father's favorite. He almost thought he could distinguish the words:

"Fly to me, dear, like my straight flying pigeons.
Now high on our belfries gleams the last sun.
Home to me, back to me, straight and unerringly.
Love is awaiting thee, daylight is done."

The still-faced rigger listened again, readjusting his ears to a language not natively his own. And then he saw that he was wrong. He began to catch her words. She was not calling him—she was warning him:

"Take care!" she sang in French. "He's drugged — mad. He is armed. He has this great pistol. He is waiting, watching, listening. He waits to kill thee."

The voice broke off then, at the

end of a stanza. But Matt Bangor stood motionless, rigid — waiting, getting the meaning straight in his mind. And then she started off on a second verse — always in French.

"Move not. Come not. He will kill thee—as he already has one man. Wait. I will sing to him—keep him. Perhaps then in time the maddening drug will wear away. He will grow calmer, sleep."

She stopped at the end of another stanza, then went on, while her listener on the roof above stood motionless.

"But not now. Do not come now. I beg thee. There is but one way open now—one window—all else is locked. And by that way thou canst not come. And if thou couldst, thou wouldst only die. He watches that forever, without ceasing. Thou wouldst merely die—and leave me still his prisoner. Stay quiet, then, a little while. I will sing to him. Wait!"

He waited, while for a time she was still. He turned, taking notice finally of the fact that the boy behind was pulling at his coat.

"Matt! Matt!" he was whispering.

But he shoved him away and kept thinking — trying to! Then, after a minute, the kid was bothering him again.

"What is it?" Matt Bangor whispered, getting ugly.

"Look, Matt," the boy was telling him. "Do you want to get down there?"

The rigger looked at him, his blue eyes more dangerous than before at his interrupting him. But the kid went right on.

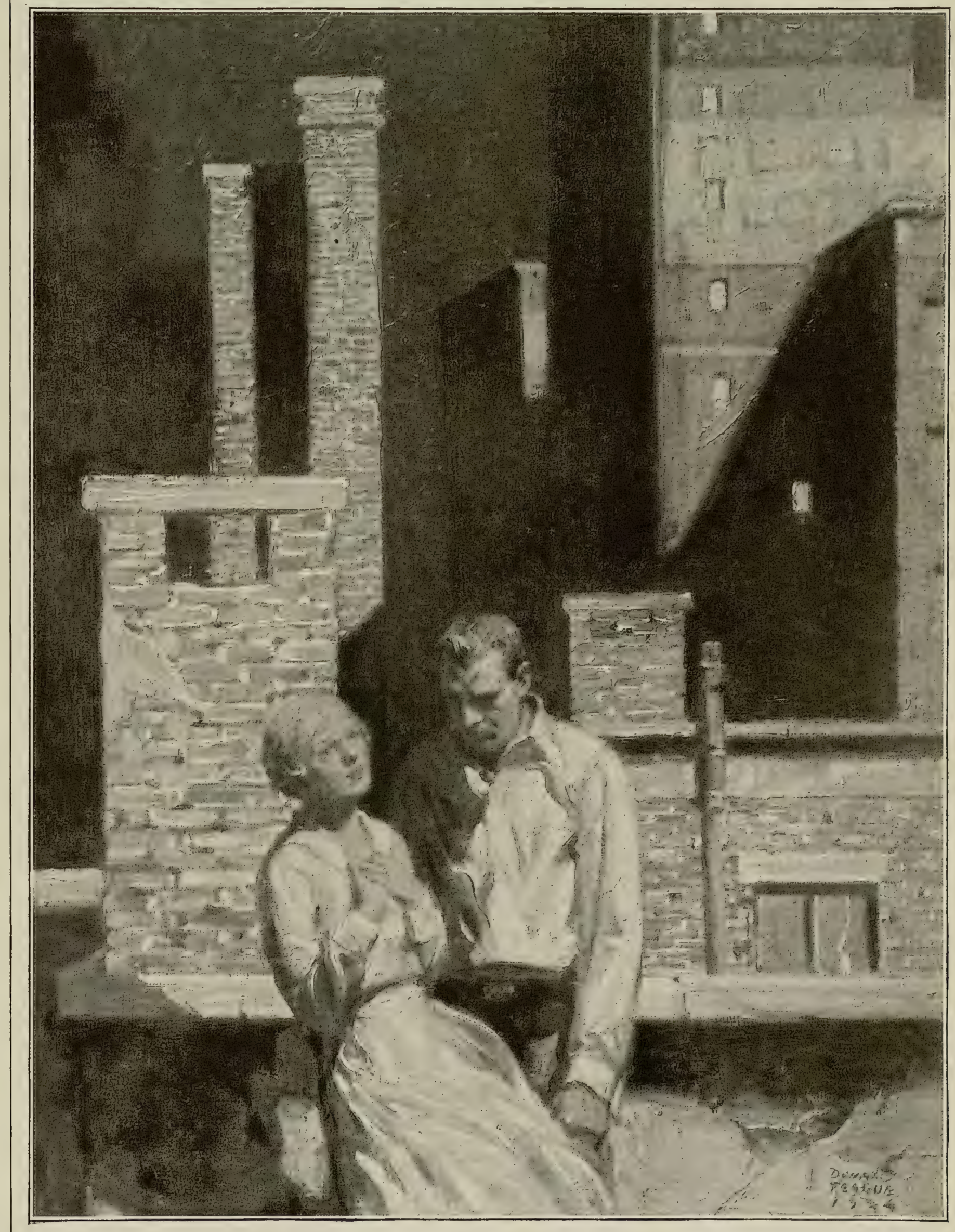
"Look, Matt!" he said. "Quick! Here's another way of getting down!"

"What?" Matt Bangor asked, in a voice now sharp and ugly.

"The elevator shaft."

Matt Bangor went over to it. He might be right at that. And the doors out of those elevator shafts quite often opened on the shaft side. If they did there might be a second way; they could sneak down there—especially with her singing, covering up the noise they might make.

"But how'll you do it? How'll you get into the shaft?" he asked the boy.



Young romance lived again its life, its dream—in the Country of the Roof Hoppers.

"Look, Matt. Here!" said the boy. "That's what I was trying to tell you."

He saw then the boy was right. The door in the bulkhead to the stairs was back a way in the entrance. Outside of the door there was a kind of a window, with shutters, a kind of a ventilator window into the elevator shaft.

"What do you say I try it?" the boy was saying to him. "On the cable."

"What good would that do?" said the rigger thinking. "The cable's all grease probably. And if you got there you couldn't reach the door. Here. Let's get that rope—the slack of it!" And they went over and got it. He was glad he had thought to allow for that slack before he came down on the roof.

He got the boy through the ventilator—let him down into the black hole underneath to see.

"I'll let you down slow," he told him. "Feel your way down—to the second door below here. Then try it easy—see if it opens from this side. Wait till she's singing—or you hear one of those trains on the bridge go by. Then try it. For it might stick. Easy—easy now, kid!" he told him. "If you make a noise—it'll spoil her and me! For keeps!"

Then he let him down into the dark. The

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

High School Course in 2 Years

The American School like all residence schools and colleges is chartered strictly as an Educational Institution —"*not for profit.*" This guarantees you the best instruction at the lowest cost. Rates about half the ordinary cost.

This simplified, complete High School Course —specially prepared for home study by leading professors—meets all requirements for entrance to college and leading professions.

For over a quarter of a century, Big Engineers, Educators and Business Men have recommended the American School. They know that our long experience as an educational institution guarantees the best training at lowest possible cost.

No matter what your business inclinations may be, you can't hope to succeed without specialized training. Let us give you the practical training you need to succeed. Check and mail Coupon for Free Bulletin.

30 OTHER COURSES

American School

Dept. H. C. 128B, Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago

Money Back When You Finish If Not Satisfied

Dept. H. C. 128B, Drexel Ave. and 58th St. Chicago

Send me full information on the subject checked and how you will help me win success.

.....Architect	.....Business Law
.....Building Contractor	.....Lawyer
.....Automobile Engineer	.....Mach. Shop Practice
.....Auto Repairman	.....Mechanical Engineer
.....Civil Engineer	.....Shop Superintendent
..... Structural Engineer	.....Employment Manager
.....Business Manager	.....Steam Engineer
.....Cert. Pub. Accountant	.....Foremanship
.....Acct. and Auditor	.....Sanitary Engineer
.....Bookkeeper	.....Surveyor (& Mapping)
.....Draftsman & Designer	.....Tel. & Tel. Engineer
.....Electrical Engineer	.....High School Graduate
.....General Education	.....Wireless—Radio
.....Personal Analysis	.....Undecided

Name.....

Address.....

An Endowed Politician...

When the will of Henry P. Davison, philanthropist and banker, was filed for probate two years ago, it was disclosed that he had created a six and a half million dollar endowment fund, whereby his eldest son, F. Trubee Davison, might devote his life, unhampered, to public welfare, in the field of politics.

Immediately all eyes were focused on the young man. What sort of person was he? What was his outlook on life?

F. D. BENHAM has obtained for Liberty the first authoritative interview with F. Trubee Davison. Read it in next Wednesday's issue of Liberty.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

rope through the ventilator was on the inside of the shaft, where the doors ought to be. He let the boy down slowly, giving him a chance to feel along—and more slowly still when he came to where the bottom of that second elevator door ought to be. Then finally Matt felt the rope slackening. He knew that the boy was there, standing on the inside ledge of the door.

He waited—listened. Now and then—in the pauses between roars of the cars overhead on the bridge—he thought he could hear the voice of the girl down there, still singing.

He waited—long ages. And then his pulses gave a jump. There was one pull on the slackened rope. That was their signal that the boy couldn't open the door.

"Try again—you!" said Matt Bangor, down the black elevator hole, in a hoarse whisper.

HE felt the rope shake in his hand. Heard a small, grating noise. Heard the sound of the girl's singing grow suddenly louder.

There were two pulls upon the rope—the signal that the door had moved—that the boy was ready to be hauled back.

"Listen, Matt!" whispered the boy, when Matt had pulled him up out of the dark, covered with dust and dirt like a cat out of a coal hole. "Listen. It budged, but I'm afraid I made a noise doing it. I'm afraid he might have heard me."

"Why?"

"Because he made her stop singing. I heard him."

"Get off," said Matt Bangor. "I'm going down."

"Suppose he shoots you, Matt?" said the boy. "He's got a cannon. You saw that. And you've got nothing. And there's only this little ledge there outside the door, anyhow—too narrow for you to really stand on!"

Matt Bangor was crawling into the window of the elevator as quietly as he could.

"If anything happens to me," he said to the boy, "if he gets me, you've got to take up the slack of this rope and get down to the ground with it somehow to a cop—if this goes wrong. It's up to you to get help and come back to her. Understand?" he said, giving him his last instructions. "And when I'm ready I'll give two pulls on the rope and you'll haul it up, so you can have it. And fix it right away, too, so you can use it quick!

"But it may not be necessary," he said. "He won't get me—not if I know it! It would be a sure thing for me if I only had him in the dark. The one thing I wish was different is that that open shutter outside, where we were looking down, was shut. For that probably gives him light. If I had him in the dark, God help him."

He slid down then, into that pocket, till he got down opposite where he saw a little, thin streak of light—where the boy had started that sliding door. He made more noise, naturally, than the boy did. That was why he sent the boy down first—to explore.

He could hear his feet strike on the door ledge. But there was nothing to be done about it. He got located on the ledge of the door and gave the boy two tugs to pull the rope up—stood there, his cheek against the cool metal outside of the fireproof door, feeling the rope slip up along his back—holding on, waiting to see what was the best move next.

It was all still inside. The girl had stopped singing. But now suddenly she started once more—singing, calling, warning him: "*Prends garde. Prends garde.*"

"That'll do," he heard that crazy voice again, whispering, close at hand. "Shut up now. Or I'll give it to you—now!"

Matt Bangor hesitated—not sure yet what was best to do.

"Now, here's where you get it! I'll finish you first. I'm going to croak you now!" said the whispering voice, almost beside him, just the other side of the iron lined door.

Matt Bangor tore it back—and stepped in. And this wild eyed snowbird—twitching all over—had him covered with his revolver not three feet off.

"I thought so!" said the wild man in a high, crazy voice. And Matt Bangor saw that he had fallen, head over heels, into a trap the man had made to get him.

And the next minute he heard the voice of the girl—of Angelique Lefavour—high and strained.

"Be still, Matt. Do not move. He will kill you!"

He would—you could see that, even in that poor light, by his eye, his jabbering talk. He didn't know or care what he was doing.

"Back. Back!" the crazy loon was saying. "Down you go—where you come from!"

Matt Bangor saw what he was after. He thought he was backing him back into that elevator hole—into four or five stories of nothing. The old trick of the murdering Dog Catchers—off the roof for him—or get the gun!

He backed the fraction of a step—playing him—watching him—getting ready!

Then clang! He heard this noise across from him—and the whole place went black.

"HUSH!" Dickie the Gentleman had said. "Still! There's some one there!"

He caught the arm of Angelique Lefavour—brought his drawn and strained face up into hers, then turned and looked toward the elevator door. Her heart almost stopped. She had heard it herself—that noise in the elevator shaft. Was it Matt Bangor, trying that way to reach her? It would be like him.

The voice across from her face spoke again, whispering directions.

"Sing once more—once only—till we get over there—by that door. Then stop—still—so I can listen."

His voice had changed, not less crazy, but harsher and uglier; no longer showing the happier pleasant emotions of a madman.

"If you cry out or sing once after we get there," he said, and poked the revolver's muzzle into her side, "this for yours!"

She sang then, as they walked over, calling out in French her warning, her last warning, to the man who, she was afraid, was now about to lose his life by his attempt to save her. She called to him, but she could not be sure that he would hear her. And now the dope fiend, threatening her again, made her be still.

They stood there by the elevator shaft, two or three feet apart, waiting, stalking Matt Bangor—or whoever it was that was outside that sliding iron door, the man they could hear breathing, moving, waiting, not three feet away.

Angelique Lefavour could not longer stand it. She must cry out—warn him!

THEN, looking at the face of the man, which she was always watching, she saw that he was speaking to her again.

"You can sing now," he whispered. "Go on!" And he motioned at her with his pistol.

Angelique Lefavour needed no further order.

"*Prends garde! Prends garde!*" she cried, with small pretense now of singing.

"That'll do!" he said. "Shut up now—or I'll give it to you now!"

She was quiet—stilled by the threat of his ugly weapon so near her.

"Now, here's where you get it! I'll finish you first!" said the voice of the man beside her. But he did not turn the gun upon her at all, she saw.

Instead he stood crouched down, waiting before the door—the door that was snatched open now before she could cry out, make the slightest noise.

It was Matt Bangor!

This lunatic had trapped him; would kill him because of her! Still at once, changing his mind with the wild abruptness of a lunatic.

All she could do now was to warn Matt—tell him to keep still, that he would certainly be killed.

Clang! It was dark. Springing forward, seeing what was going to happen, that it was the only way, Angelique Lefavour threw herself against the side of the man with the weapon.

There was a flash-up into the darkness, the impact of two bodies

which threw her aside! A fall! A frightened squeal.

"Matt, Matt! Are you hurt?" cried Angelique Lefavour through the dark.

"No! Are you?"

"No."

"That's good. Go on over, can you? Throw open that shutter again!"

Colombe Lefavour hurried, stumbling through the dark, pushed the shutter back, and saw what had closed it—the boy outside dangling on the rope. Then she turned in a flash, to see Matt Bangor, safe as he had said, with the squirming, whining, chattering thing he was holding from him at arm's length, like a frightened cat.

"Help the kid in!" said the voice of the rigger coolly—as if all this, the whole mad performance, had been planned—anticipated!

She helped young Cohalan in the window—saw him run across the great gaunt empty wareroom and stand beside her lover.

"What'll we do with it, Matt?" asked the young Roof Hopper, standing with his hands in his pockets, looking the poor dope over.

"What do you say we drop him off—where he was dropping me?" said his associate gravely. And young Mickey Cohalan yelled with laughter as the big boy backed him by his collar—the poor dope fiend—squealing like a rat—to the edge of the elevator hole.

"But before you go down," said Matt Bangor, saving him squalling from the edge, "you might as well tell all of this you know. Shut up, you poor dope," he said, shaking the life out of him.

So Dickie told them—all he could—shivering and chattering. And passed over what he had on him—the paper and the thousand dollar bill. Young Cohalan's eyes stuck out when he saw it. For the first time in his life he knew there could be so much money on one piece of yellow paper. But his attention was still mostly given to their prisoner.

"What will we do with him?" he asked again, when Dickie's story and the looking him over was finished.

"We'll take him down—make him show us a way out of this," said the big rigger. "That's the first move. Do you think you could take charge of him yourself?"

"Could I? You watch me!" said the young Roof Hopper.

So the rigger gave him the revolver and the flashlight, and told him to see what he could do, marching the poor dope along ahead of him. And Matt came after them, talking to his girl—helping her.

THEY went down the stairs at the side—opened up the shutters of a window on the first floor that Dickie showed them.

"What'll we do with him?" said the kid once more, back over his shoulder to the other two. He had that poor shivering thing in front of him—scared silly with that gun on him.

"Shall I shoot him now?" he said, straightening it out toward Dickie, to see him jump again.

"Don't," said Angelique Lefavour—to the rigger. "Don't let him torture him any longer."

"Stop, you young fool," said the rigger. He had been with her, helping her, asking her questions about how she felt—telling her how she had saved his life—paying no attention to their prisoner on the way down. If it hadn't been for young Cohalan, with his gun, he'd probably lost him entirely—staying back, mooning with that girl! It made the young Roof Hopper tired. And especially to be called down now—after the part he had taken in this thing!"

"Shut up!" Matt Bangor was saying to him, bending over that girl again.

"What shall we do, *Colombe?*" he was asking her. "It's up to you."

"But are we not compelled to turn him over to the police?" she asked him.

"What—and get it all into the papers?" said the rigger. "Your name and all!"

"And yet he was a murderer."

"That's one good job he did anyhow," said the rigger, the hard look coming back into his eyes. "He killed that rat. He saved me that much. And he didn't hurt you any, after all."

"That is true. That is true," said Angelique Lefavour suddenly, impulsively. "Then—then let him go. The poor thing!"

"All right," assented the rigger. "What do you say we do?"

"Look," he said to the poor wriggling worm—"what will you do if we let you loose?"

He couldn't even answer, he was so far gone.

"Will you beat it?"

He jabbered something—you couldn't tell what, from his teeth chattering.

"Now here," said Matt Bangor, shaking him again to keep him together. "Listen. We're going now. And when we are gone five minutes or so, you can come out. But not before. Understand? If you want to live. If you don't want to get turned up to the police—and the electric chair!"

Then they climbed out and shut the iron shutter and left him there—sitting on an old box like a sick man—head down and teeth chattering—in the dark.

IT was evening again—the evening of a second day in the Land of the Roof Hoppers. The sun was down once more; the daylight had shone for the last time upon the silver inside wings of the veering flocks of decoys.

The haze which lifts above the great city—with the passing of the clear dry weather, and before the swinging of the wind to the east and rain—softened once more the radiance to the west; made lovelier and still more soft the quiet color of the east.

To the south a touch of rose and amber came upon the towers of the skyscrapers; a softer yellow to the sliding lights of the great bridge. Across the painted blue of the East River the great golden moon of autumn slid up enormous through the eastern city's mist.

"She can come up here tonight, then?" asked the big bronze-faced young man, turning his hat in his great hands.

"Yes," said the older man—with the white military mustache and imperial on the smooth pink complexion of a child. "She is well, she says—become entirely well. She must see you here again tonight."

They gazed around the familiar scene—the darkening tar-and-gravel plain, the empty Country of the Roof Hoppers—both silent.

It was the older man who spoke first again.

"And having saved her for me then, you will no doubt wish to marry her—to take her from me—no less soon?" he asked, a little wistfully.

"Sooner—if I can," said the uncompromising rigger.

Another silence came between them—which the old man broke again.

"So little changes arrive—after all," he said in his odd English. "Except only to ourselves."

THE other, puzzled, watched his small hand sweep dramatically out toward the west.

"Seeing this night—who would believe?" he asked, and stopped, looking toward the faintly rose-tinted west, the dark towers against the sky. The younger man watched him curiously until he aroused himself—and spoke again.

"It was upon a night like this she came to me," he was saying. "Those towers—this sky—this moon of autumn! Who, sitting here, half closing up his eyes, could tell? And yet——"

He stopped—went on.

"And yet—forty years ago! In my own youth! In Belgium!" he said. "My Angelique. My wife. A night like this! You understand?"

The rigger bowed his head.

"In white she came," the old Belgian told him. "As now, tonight——"

He broke off once again—rose up from their crude seat.

His daughter Angelique was coming—his girl in white. Passed quickly by him, hurrying to her lover—her knight, her rescuer from the dark tower! Young romance lived again its life, its dream—in the Country of the Roof Hoppers.

"O, to be young again—upon a night like this!" exclaimed Raoul Lefavour,—watching—standing to one side—alone.

They didn't even hear him—as they stood, hands clasped, and questioned each other. They did not even know that he had left them—and gone down—alone.

Night came softly, wonderfully, across the Country of the Roof Hoppers—of Romance. The lights from underneath shone up into a soft haze—the dim aura which lifts over the Great City at night. The lights of bridges and the spired skyscrapers seemed very far away. Even the flashes from the Street of Pleasure were dimmer—less feverish—less sharp.

Overhead the great golden moon, the boundless calm of the soft autumn night!

Here beneath two lovers upon a crude bench, upon a roof top—silent in the Land of the Roof Hoppers. In that country of perpetual youth, which all those sleeping millions but a few score feet beneath do not even dream exists.

THE END

"IF you have only $500, try this state," says the divorce specialist. "Or for $1,200 you can get a *de luxe* divorce in——" and so it goes! *Brenda Ueland* tells all about it in

SHORT CUTS TO DIVORCE

BRENDA UELAND

in the next issue of Liberty—out next Wednesday.
DON'T MISS THIS SPARKLING ARTICLE!

A LABOR PREMIER'S PHILOSOPHY

By JOHN STEELE

A Revealing Character Study of Ramsay MacDonald, Prime Minister of Great Britain, Who Climbed from a Fisherman's Hut to the Loftiest Position in the British Empire

Bits of Ramsay MacDonald's Philosophy

I am against pensions for Prime Ministers. It would be an excellent thing for them and the country if on retirement from office they went back to porridge and plain living.

Liberty is far more easily destroyed by those who abuse it than by those who oppose it.

Socialism is a theory. It is very largely a mechanism. That is not enough for us. The moment our socialism narrows us down to sections of humanity, then that socialism loses its charm for me.

It is far easier to make a revolution than to make a cabinet.

This is a government which rules not from a pedestal but from the floor.

WHEN the first Labor Government took office eight months ago in Britain its opponents gave it three weeks to live. Later the period was extended to three months. Now politicians are talking seriously of three years. This means that labor has come into English politics as a permanent force and today represents, and is likely to continue to represent, one of the two great parties in the state. Its rapid accession to this position is due largely to the work and personality of one man.

That man is Ramsay MacDonald, first labor Prime Minister of England, and everyone is asking what manner of man he is.

It is often easier to appraise a man's character from the sneers of his enemies than from the praise of his friends. A few days ago one of the leaders of the British communists bitterly referred to Ramsay MacDonald as "the best Tory Prime Minister for forty years," and about the same time Zinovieff, the chief of the Third (Moscow) Internationale, called him "the fig leaf of the British bankers." Russian communists and American parlor reds sneer at MacDonald as "bourgeois" because he has been in office for eight months and the lamp-posts of Whitehall are still unadorned with the bodies of dangling dukes, while the king still reigns and occasionally entertains his Prime Minister at dinner.

That Ramsay MacDonald is today Prime Minister of England is the best testimony to the essential democracy of the mother of all modern democracies.

He comes from poor Scottish fisher folk. His mother was the daughter of a fisherman and he was born and brought up in a fisherman's hut in Lossiemouth, Aberdeenshire. MacDonald today is, I believe, prouder of having been born a "Lossie loon" than of being Prime Minister.

MacDonald's position is the result of a life of struggle. He had the advantages of a sound elementary education and from his earliest youth he read every book that came his way. He became a school teacher and might have continued in that career had he not felt, like so many Scots, the lure of London.

He went to the British metropolis, got a job as a clerk, and nearly starved, but all the time continued his self-education. Then he began writing occasionally for newspapers and entered politics.

AT first he was a Liberal and for a time secretary to a Liberal member of parliament, but about this time he met the late Keir Hardie and was by him converted to socialism. From that time he devoted himself to the labor and socialist movements.

MacDonald's socialism is not, however, the soulless theoretical creed of Marxism on which most continental socialism is built. It is rather the socialism of Robert Owen and William Morris. It is a human, kindly creed based on a love for the under dog, and at the same time a keen appreciation that the under dog does not represent all society.

MacDonald's home life is ideal. His wife, who died a few years ago, was Margaret Gladstone, daughter of a noted university professor and a distant relative of the great Liberal premier. During her life the MacDonald flat in Lincoln's Inn Fields was one of the most interesting places in London.

It is due to this salon that MacDonald today has a wider personal acquaintance among the men who are actually governing Europe than any other man in England. His wife's death was a blow from which he took long to recover, and the little book which he wrote about her life is regarded as being one of the most beautiful tributes ever paid by a husband to a wife.

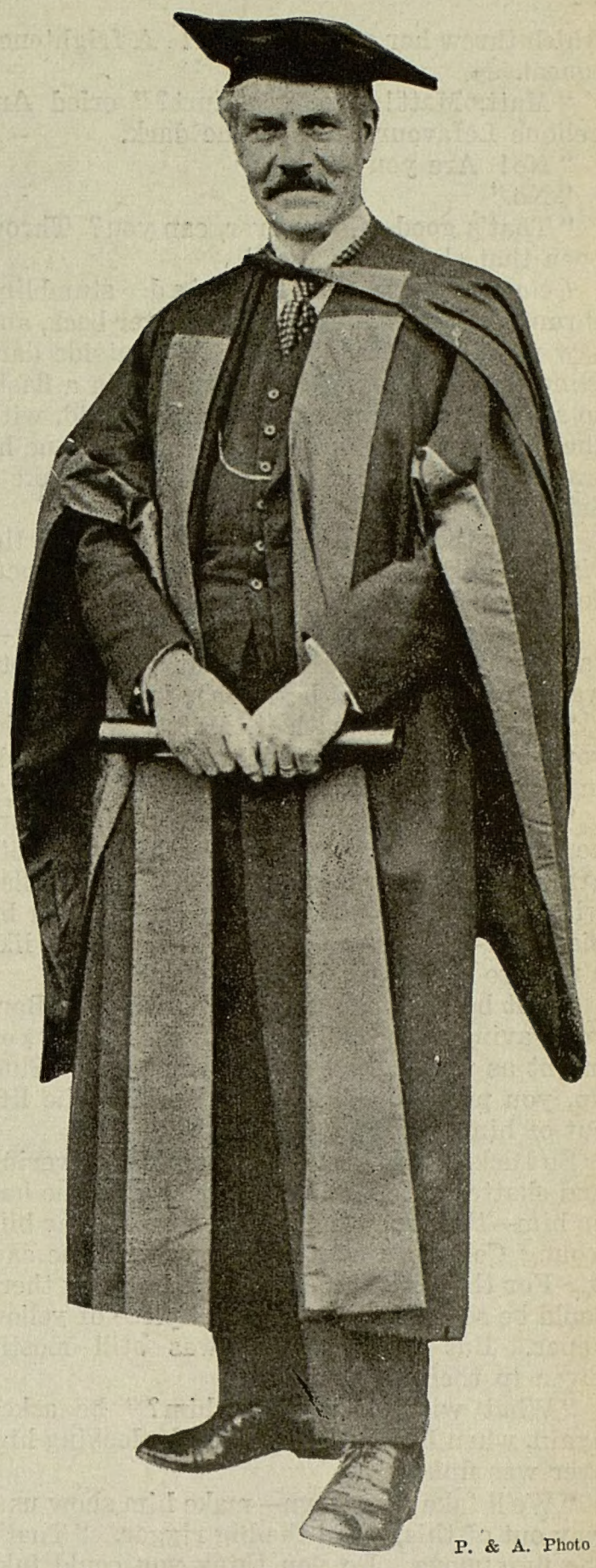
His hostess at 10 Downing Street is his daughter, Ishbel, who is about twenty-one and who, in spite of her rather restricted upbringing in a poor man's home, has risen to her opportunities and has become one of the important figures in London political society. Ishbel MacDonald accompanies her father everywhere, mothers him, looks after his health, and entertains his friends. It is said that she has particularly attracted Queen Mary, whose guest she has been on several occasions, while her father has become a warm personal friend of King George.

This is one of the things that persons of the Moscow communist type cannot understand. How can a socialist be a friend of a king? MacDonald's reply is that, as a man, he likes the king, and that, as king, George V. is part of the historical machinery of the nation's government, which, on the whole, functions very well and is capable of unlimited extension and adjustment.

In the same manner he replied to the critics who objected to his wearing court dress that there was often far more snobbery in wearing a red tie and ragged hat than in donning the proper dress for the historic functions of which he was a part.

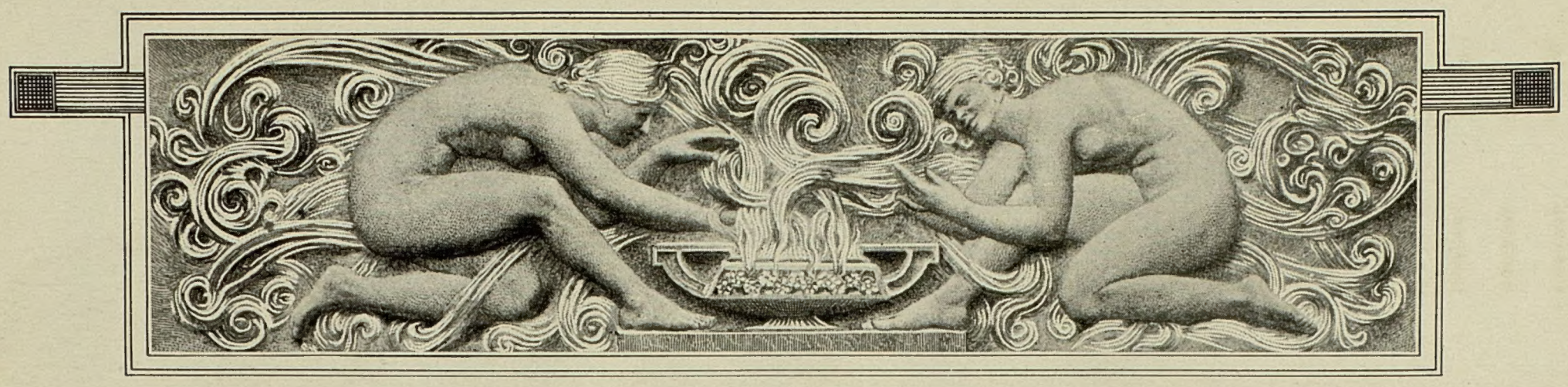
MAC DONALD'S strength as a man lies in his humanity and personality. He is probably one of the best loved politicians in England today. His political strength lies in the fact that Liberals and Tories hate each other worse than they hate the Labor party. Neither wishes to turn out MacDonald to let in the other. Perhaps it may fall to MacDonald himself to choose the moment of dissolution, and if it does he can be depended on to choose that opportunity most favorable to his party, for, in addition to all his other qualities, he is a consummately shrewd politician.

THE END



P. & A. Photo

Ramsay MacDonald, England's first labor premier, as he appeared shortly after being made a Doctor of Laws by Glasgow University.



LES PARFUMS DE COTY

Subtle perfumes of individuality, emphasizing the magnetic charm of women of varied and intriguing personalities – the exotic, in the disturbing intensity of Chypre – *the exquisitely sophisticated, graciously imperious, in* L'Origan, – *the brilliant, provocative and sweetly audacious, in* "Paris". *It is in these incomparable* COTY *fragrances that they find the true expression of their fascinating moods and temperament.*

THESE COTY PERFUME ODEURS ARE CREATED ALSO IN THE EAU DE TOILETTE, THE FACE POWDER, COMPACTE, TALC POWDER, SACHET AND BRILLANTINE FOR THE COMPLETE ARTISTIC EFFECT.

L'ORIGAN CHYPRE PARIS

"THE ART OF PERFUMING"
a booklet subtly describing types of women and their expressive perfumes – on request

COTY INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York
CANADA — 55 Mc Gill College Ave Montreal

Why choose fine toilet soap for washing your hands

If you expose them to kitchen soap an hour and a half every day in the dishpan . . .

You just wouldn't think of taking your bar of kitchen soap to the washbowl and using it for washing your hands.

Yet how much easier it would be on your hands to do that than to wash dishes with it an hour and a half every day. For after all you only spend a few moments washing your hands—but it's an hour and a half every day that your hands are in the dishpan!

You thought it was inevitable—that you had to wash your dishes with kitchen soap.

And all the time right on your kitchen shelf was Lux! Why there's just nothing you wouldn't trust to Lux.

In an instant you tossed Lux into your dishpan. You wouldn't have believed anything could be so easy on your hands—every bit as easy as fine toilet soap.

Relief from that in-the-dishpan look

It's the free alkali in kitchen soap that does the mischief—that gives your hands that in-the-dishpan look. Free alkali literally burns up all the beautifying oils of your skin. Oils that an all-wise nature tucked away underneath the satin-smooth skin.

Lux contains none of that dread free alkali. It won't dry the important beautifying oils of your hands—won't redden or roughen them.

When you use Lux in your dishpan, it's like using a fine toilet soap. These tissue-thin flakes rid your hands for good of that betraying in-the-dishpan look.

A teaspoonful is enough

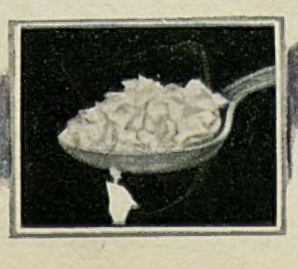
Perhaps you imagine that it's extravagant to use Lux for washing dishes. That's because it is hard to believe you need such a tiny bit.

But you find it really is true that just one teaspoonful washes a whole pan of dishes. One teaspoonful will do the breakfast or lunch dishes—maybe you'll need two teaspoonfuls for the dinner dishes.

Even so one package will do all the dishes for nearly three weeks—the big new package will last six weeks. Get a package of Lux today to keep on your kitchen shelf. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Rid your hands of that in-the-dishpan look

IMPORTANT USES FOR LUX

In addition to the well-known uses recommended by great fabric manufacturers—silks—woolens—fine cottons and linens—try Lux for

Family Laundry	Porcelain
Dishes	Shampoo
Linoleum	Rugs
Paint	Automobiles